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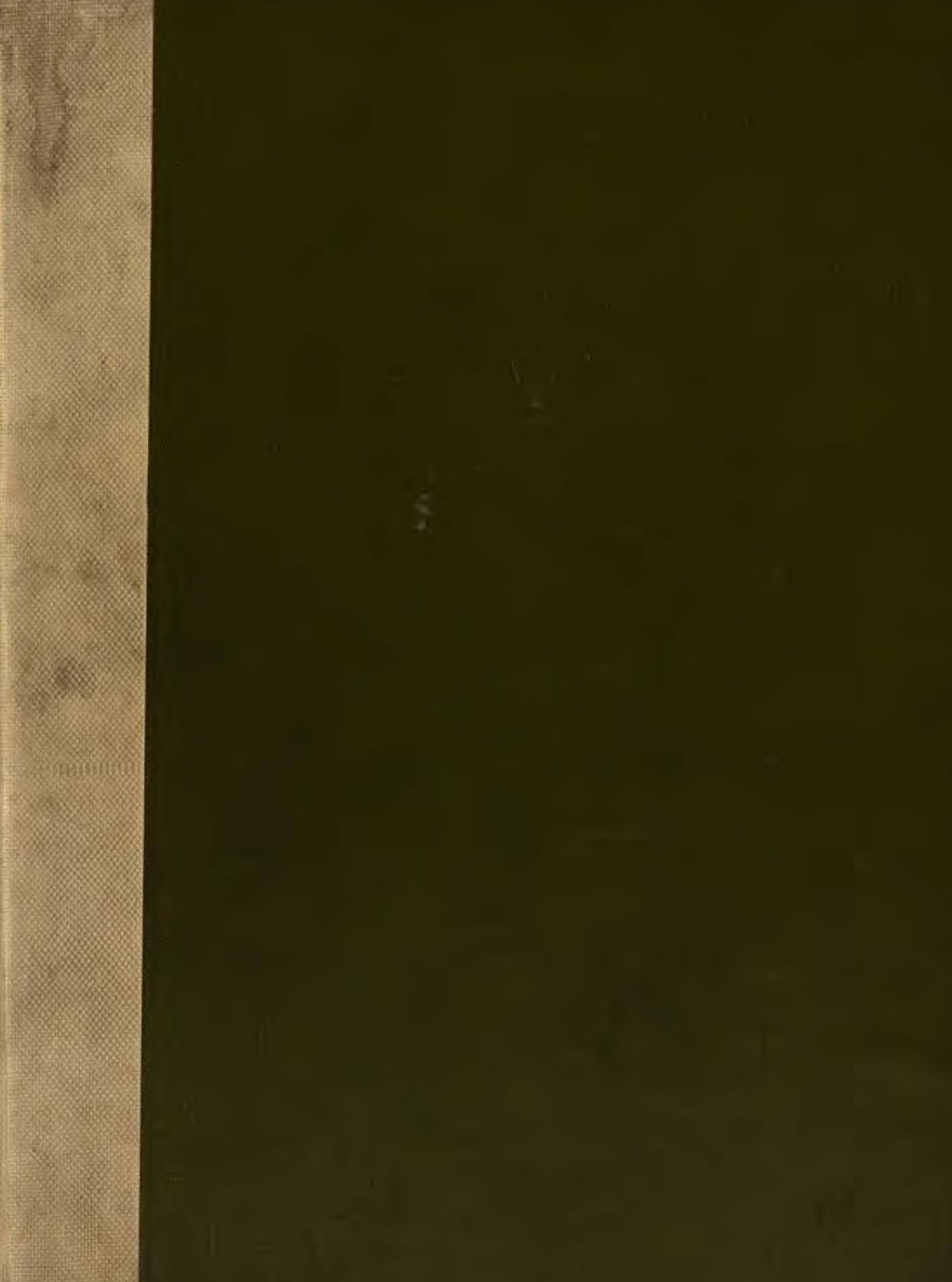
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CHARLES MINOT

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Comedy Concerning
Three Laws of Nature,
Moses and Christ

The Three Laws

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908





The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Comedy Concerning
Three Laws of Nature,
Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE
BISHOP OF OSSORY

Date of the first known Edition, 1538
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of
JOHN S. FARMER

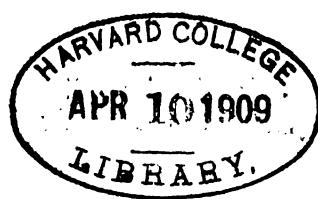
A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE
BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

Issued for Subscribers by
T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMVIII

15 x 28. 37. 25



Minot fund

A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE
BISHOP OF OSSORY

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 12). The copy lacks the title-page, and on the fly-leaf are two extracts concerning Bale from "Wharton's History of English Poetry," apparently in the handwriting of Edmund Malone.

Another edition was printed in 1562 by Thomas Colwell, from which it would seem that there is no lacuna between G. iij. verso and G. iv. recto, and that "Brybe" is merely a blundered catchword.

The portrait of Bale on G. ii. recto is as placed in the original; and I have not thought well to utilize it, in perhaps a more fitting position, as a frontispiece.

For particulars of Bishop Bale's career—"bilious Bale"—I need not repeat what has been already sufficiently noted in the "Tudor Facsimile Texts" reprint of "God's Promises," save perhaps to add that in no other of his works is there so apparent his blunt savagery of speech against, and intolerance of, the Romish creed and practice as in "The Three Laws."

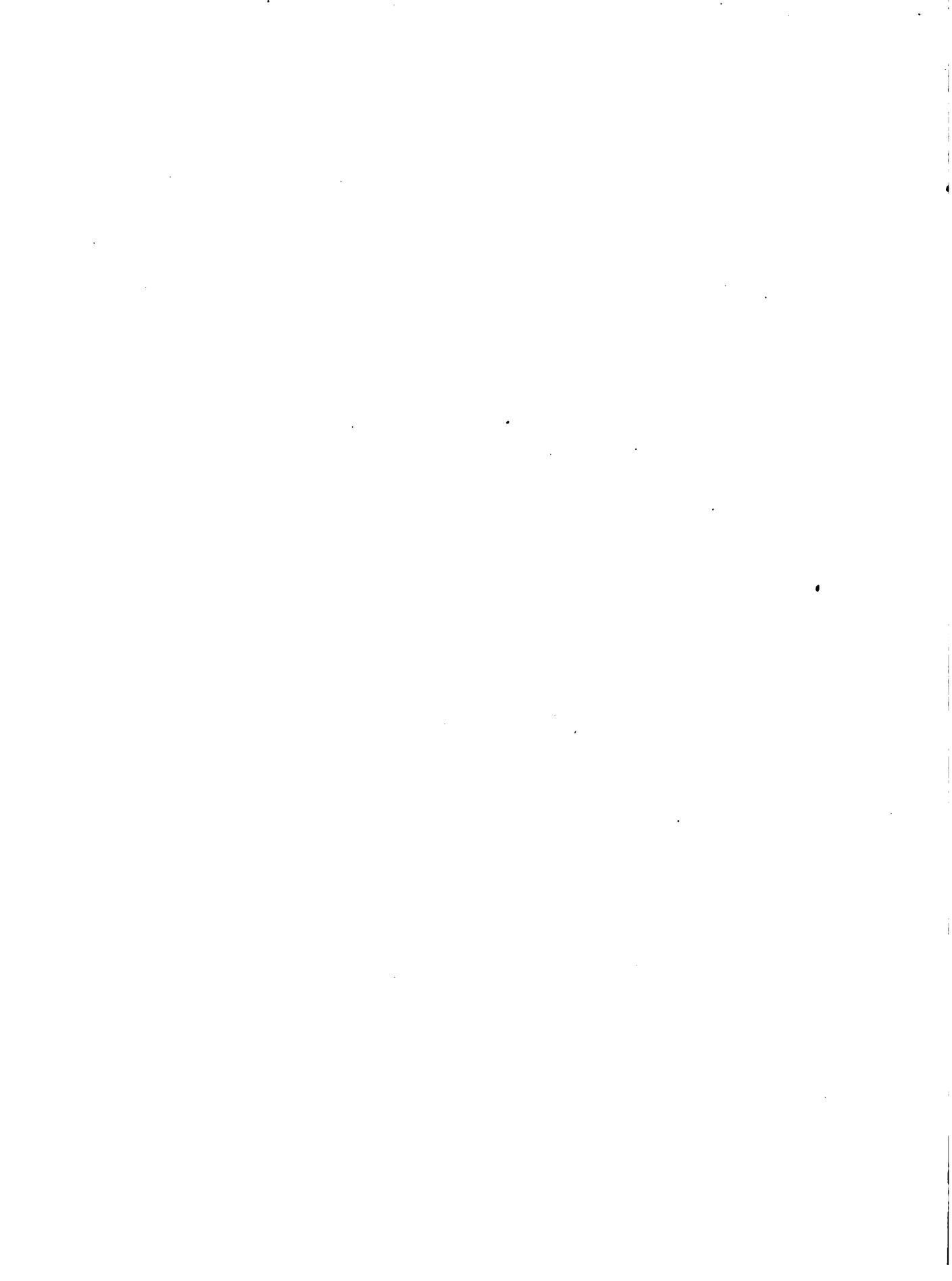
Bale's curious "Song upon Benedictus" (G. ii. verso to G. iii. verso) follows Bale's portrait in the original, and is itself followed by a metrical version of "The Commandments." The former is a mutilated transcript of "The Song of Zacharias," words being left out in the middle of each verse, and replaced by Bale with inserted words of his own.

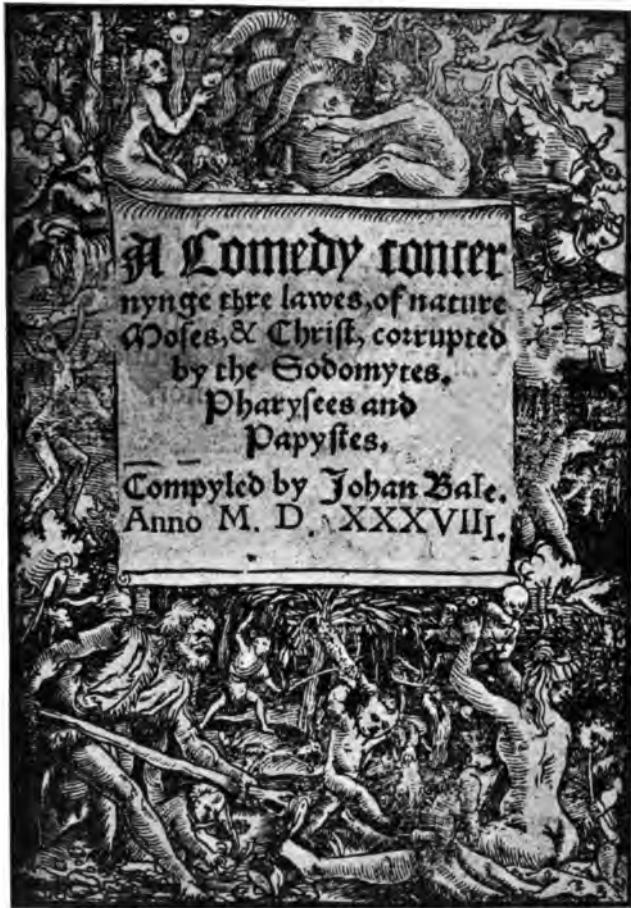
The worm-eaten hole, plainly seen on A. ij. verso, in a line with the words "Actus primus," goes right through the book.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, again reports that "the reproduction is excellently done."

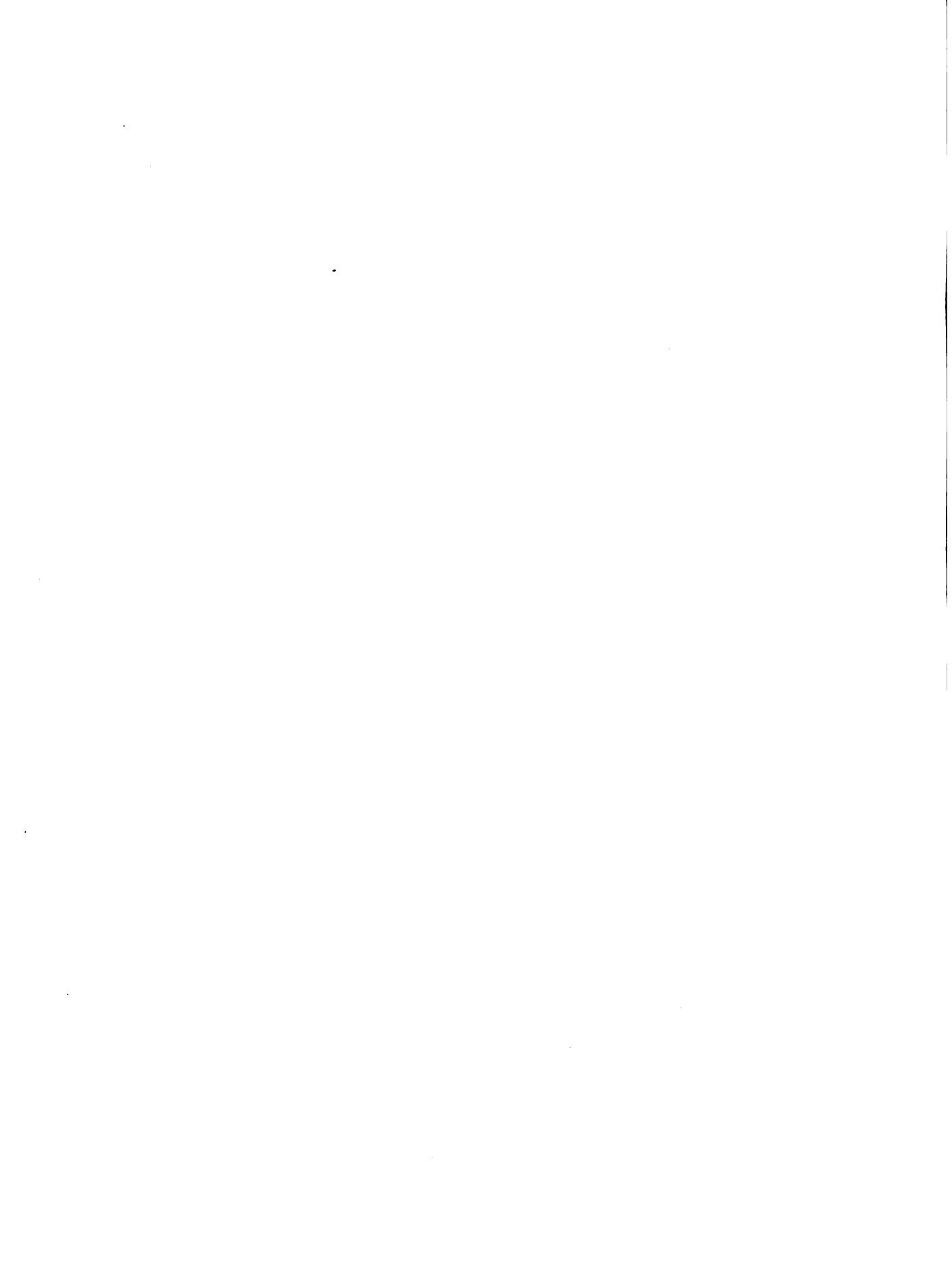
It may not be out of place to put on record the fact that my notes in respect to "faults" in these facsimiles have been thought occasionally to be somewhat hypercritical, as often no such "blurring" as is mentioned has been noticed in the special copies under the notice of these correspondents. No doubt this may be true; and it is satisfactory to get such criticism. A mechanical facsimile process must vary, perhaps even more than the "impression" in ordinary printing varies. At any rate, subscribers may rest assured that we, as responsible for the work in hand, are probably saying worse than could be said of us by even the most captious critic.

JOHN S. FARMER.





[Since writing the foregoing I have unexpectedly been put in possession of a photograph of the title-page of the more perfect copy of Bale's "Three Laws" in the Bodleian Library: I now give it in facsimile slightly reduced. Only two copies of the play are known to be extant.—J. S. F.]





A Comedy concernynge
thre lawes, Compyled by Johan Bale.

Baleus prolocutor.

Let ych commen welth he, most hygh preche
mynence,
Is due unto lawes, for soth commoditye,
As is had by them. For as Cicero geweth
sentence

Wher as is no lawe, can no good order be,
In nature, in people, in house nor yet in citie,
The bodyes above, are vndererne ha lawe,
Who coulde rule the worlde, were it not vndre awes
Lyke as Chrysippus, full Clarkely doth dyffyne,
Lawe is a teacher, of matters necessary,
A knowledge of thynges, both naturall and dynyna
Perswadyng all truch, dysswadyng all iniury.
A gyfte of the lorde, deuoyde of all obprobry,
An wholesome doctrine, of men dyscrete and wysse,
A grace from aboue and a very heauenly practyse.
Our heauenly maker, manyslyng to dyrect,
The lawes of Nature, of Bondage, and of Grace,
Sent into thys worlde, with vycyousnesse infect,
In all ryghteousnesse, to walke before hys face.
But Infydelyec, sorwikerh in every place,
That under the heawens, no thyngis pure & cleane,
Somoch the people, to hys peruerse wayes leane.
The lawe of Nature, hys fylthy dysposycyon.

A ij Corupteh

A. b. 498.



Corrupteth with ydolles, and synkyng Sodomey.
The lawe of Moses, with Aquarye and Ambycyon,
Be also poluter h. And ever contynually,
Christes lawe he defyleth with cursed hypocresy,
And with false doctryne, as wyll aperc in presence,
To the edysyenge, of thys Christien audyence.

Of Infydelyte, God wyl hymself revenge.
With plages of water, of wyldefyre and of swordes
And of hys people, due homage he wyl chalenge,
Euer to be knowen, for their God and good lord,
After that he hath, thoselawes agayne restorde,
To their first bewytye, commytyng them to sayth.
He is now in place, marke therfor what he sayth.

Actus Primus.

Deus Pater.

Am Deus pater, a substance inuisible,

All one with the sonne, & holy ghost
in essence.
To Angell and Man. I am incomprehensible,
A strenght infynyte, a ryghteousnesse, a prudence,
A mercy, a goodnessse, a truthe, a lyfe, a savyence.
In heauen and in earth, we made all to our glory,
Man ever hauyng, in a specyall memory.
Man I saye agayne, whiche is our owne elect,

Our





De Legibus diuinis Comedie

Our chosen creature, and seruaunt over all,
Above the others, pecularly select,
To do vs homage and onour name to call,
Acknowledgyng vs for hys auctor pryncipall:
Indued hym we haue, with gystes of specyall gracie
And lawes wyll wesende, regouerne hym in place.

Serape fourthe ye iii. lawes, for gydaunce of Mazynde
Whom most inteyrly, in hart we loue and fauer.
And teach hym to walke, accordyng to our mynde,
In rulennes of lyfe, and in a gentyll behauer.
Delypely instruct hym, our mysteryes to fauer,
By the workes of sayth, all vyses to seclude,
And preserue in hym, our godly symylitude.

Naturæ lex.

Of dny we ought, alwayes to be obeysaune,
To your comandement, for iust it is and plesaune,

Mosch lex

Your preceptos are true, & of perpetuall strength,
On iustice grounded, as wyll apere at length.

Christi lex.

Proddenesse ye abhorre, with lyke inconuenyentes,
All they are cursed, wych go frō your comandementem

Deus Pater.

Our lawes are all one, though yow do thre apere
Lyke wyse as our wyll, is all one in effect,
But by cause that Mian, in hymself is not clere
To tyme and persone, as now we haue respect,

De legibus divinis Comedia,
And as thre teachers, to hym we yow dyrect,
Thonghye be but one, In token that we are thre,
Yystynete in persone, and one in the deyte.

Naturalex.

We consydre that, for as concernyng Man,
Four scuerall tymes, are moch to be respected.
Of Innocency first, of hys transgressyon than,
Than the longe season, wherin he was afflycted,
Fynally the tyme, wherin he was redcmed.
Of pleasure isthe first, the seconde of exyle.
The third doth ponnysh, the fort doth reconcyle,

Mosich lxx.

Whā Angell was made, thys lawe he had by & by,
To serue yow hys lordē, and with laudes to prosecute
Thys lawe was geuen Man, in tyme of innocency,
In no wyse to eate, of the forbydden frute.
These two lawes broken, both they were destyngute,
Of their first fredome, to their most hygh decaye,
Tyll your only sonne, dedmānys wholeraūsome paye

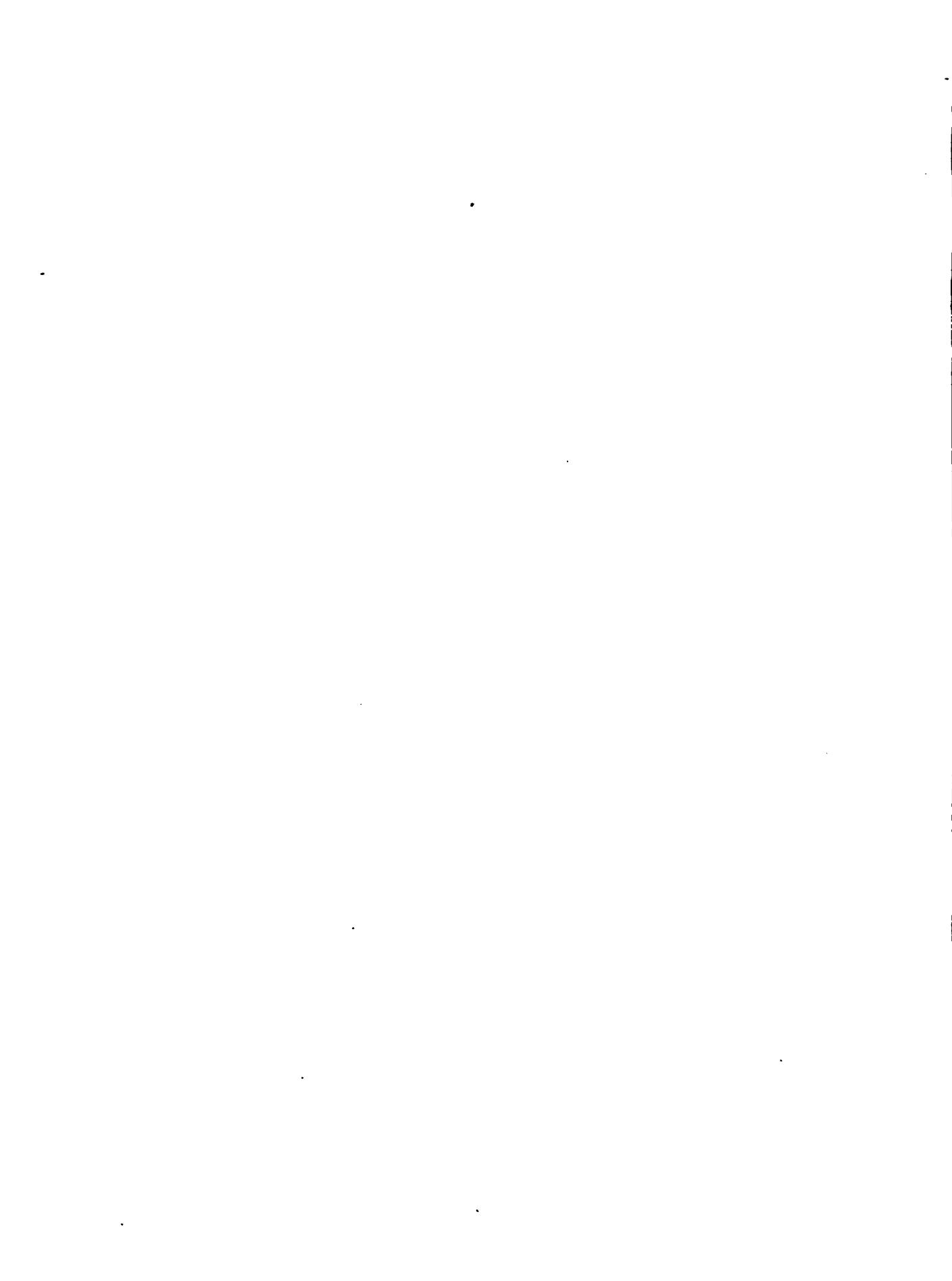
Christilex.

Whan Angell in heaven, and Man in paradyse,
Those lawes had broke. Thelawe of wycked Sarhā
Impugned your lawes, by craft & subtile practyse.
Wherewor sayd. Eatc not. He sayd vnto the womā,
Eate. Ye can not dye, As Godesye shall be than.
By thys first of all, your lawdes Man proved true.
And Sarhans lawe false, whych he now daylytrue.

Deus pater.

Lete





Actus Primus.

¶ Lete hym þā beware, how he our lawes neglect
Only to Angell, and Man we gaue lyberte,
And they onlye fell, becommynge a frowarde sect,
Vnot by our mocyon, but their owne vanyte.
For that we gaue them, to their felycyte,
Abused they haue, to their perpetuall euyll.
Man is now mortall and Angell become a devyll.

Lose Man we wyll not, thongh he frō vs doth fal
Our loue towardes hym, wyll be moch better than so
Thu lawe of Nature, teache thu hym first of all,
Hys lordie God to knowe, and that is ryght to doe
Charge and enforce hym, in the waycs of vs to go,
Thu lawe of Moses, And Christes lawe fynally
Rayse hym and saue hym, to our perpetuall glori,
Nature lex.

¶ For tyme of exyle, than I must be hys teacher.

Deus Pater.

¶ Rea, forthreages, both gyde and gouerner,
From Adam to Noah, from Noah, to Abraham,
And than to Moses, whych is the sonne of Amram,
Nature lex.

¶ Where must I remayne, for the tyme I shall be herce

Deus Pater.

¶ In the hart of Man, hys conchyence for to sterte,
To ryghteconse lyuyng, and to a iust beleue,
Intoken wherof, thys hart to the I gene.

Hic pro suo signo cor maiistrat.

A iiiij Thg

De Legibus diuinis Concordia

Thu shalt want no grace, to coufor: hym withall
If he to the sayth, of my first promyse fall.

Moseh lex.

Then my course is next, for tyme of hyspanishmen
Deus Pater.

For thre ages mo re, to the must he consent.

From Mosesto Dauid frō thens to the Jewes exyle
And so fourth to Christ, whych wyll than reconcyle
Moseh lex.

Whereshall I sweete lorde, for that same seaō dwell
Deus Pater.

With soch harder rulers, as wyll the people compell,
Our mynde to fulfull, withou特 wayne gaudes or fables
For a sygne of thy, holde these same stony tables.

Hic pro signo lapideas dat ei tabulas.

All they that obserue, our lawes inviolably,
Shall every where prosper, increase and mulyply.

Christi lex

Then I perceyue well, my course is last of all.
Deus Pater

Wha thought h: so yet art thou pryncipall,
Our all the worlde, thy beames shalt thou extende,
And styll contynue, styll the worlde be atan ende.

Christi lex.

Whereshall I farther, for that same tyme perseuer
Deus Pater.

With the saythfull soet, must thou contynue ever,
Thu shalt my people, returne from farre exyle,
And for evermore, to my grace reconcyle.

s. T. C. 8





Actus priuatus

Catechys preceyouse boke, for a token eydene,
A seale of my covenaunt, and a lyuyng testament
Hic pro signo date in nouum testamentum
They that beleue it shall lyue for euermore,
And theyt hat do not, wyll rue their folysere.

Blessed shall he be, that now my lawes wyll repece,
In cytie and felde, wher he do woorke or slepe.
Hys wyse shall encrease, hys land shall frutifye,
And of hys enemyes, he shall haue vctorye:
The syre wyll geue rayne, wha seasonable tyme shall
The workes of hys hedes, shall haue prosperite, (be,
Cursed shall they be, that wyll not our lawes fulsyll,
Without and within, at market and at myll.
Of coone and catrell, they shall haue non increase,
Within their owne howse, shall sorowes never cease
Vicer shall they be, without byle, botche, or blayne,
The pestylence & pore, wyll worter the deadly paynes

Shewethys into Ellan, & byd hym take good heede,
Of our ryghteousnesse, to stande alwayes in dredre.
We vsyse the synne, and the great abhomynacyon,
Of the wycked sort, to thirde and sort generacyon.
Thulaure of nature, instruct hym first of all,
Thulaure of Moses, correct hym for hys fall.

And thulaure of Christ, geue hym a godly mynde,
Reyseþ hym into grace, & saue hym from the synde.

A Day

De Legibus diuinis Comœdia.

Our heavenly blesyng, be with yow every dñe,

Omnis simul.

All prayse and glory, to your maieste alone.

Christi lex.

Hercyfyll to tarry, I thynke it be your mynde,

Naturæ lex.

My offyce ye knowe, isto instruct Mankynde.

Moch lex.

Than God be with yow, we leue ye here behynde,

Finit Actus primus

Incipit Actus secundus.

Naturæ lex. Exeunt.

Ge lawe in effect, is a teacher generall,
What isto be done, & what to be layed abyde
But astouchyng me the first lawen naturall
A knowledge I am whom God in Man doth hyde,
In hys whole workyng, to be to hym a gyde,
To honour hys God and seke hys neybers helth,
A great occasion, of peace and publyque welth,

A sore charge I have, Mankynde to ouer se.
And to instruct hym, hys lorde God to obaye.
That lord of heauen graunt, I may so dñe my devotie
That he be pleased, and Man brought to a staye.
Hys breyt le nature, hys slyppernesse towyne,

Moch

||



Actus secundus.

Now dorþrouoke me. But if God set to hanðes,
He shall do full wel. for non maye hym withstandes.
Infidelitas.

Brom, brom, brom, brom, brom! Bye brom bye

bye. Bromes for shoes and pouþerlynges, bores and

bustyns for newe bromes/ *Brom, brom, brom.*

Marry God geue ye good euene.
And the holy man saynt Steuen,
Sende ye a good newe yeare.
I wolde haue brought ye the pax.
Or else any mage of waxe.
If I had knowne ye heare.

I wylly myselfe so handle,
That ye shall haue a candle,
Whan I come hyther agaynes
At thyss your soden mocyon,
I was in soþ dewocyon,

Thos

Naturæ lex, corruptio

I had nere broke a vayne.

Naturæ lex,

That myght haue done ye smare.

Infidelitas.

No, no, it was but a fart,

For pastyme of my hart,

I wolde ye had it forsooth.

In serupp or in sowse,

But for noyance of the howse,

For easement of your toch,

Now haue I my dreame in dede,

God sende me wele to spedē,

And swete saynt Antong.

I thought I shuld mete a knave,

And now that fortune I haue

Among ethys company.

Naturæ lex,

Why dassthu call me knave?

Infidelitas.

I sayd, I wolde be your slaye,

If your grace wolde me haue,

And de your wortke anon,

I wolde so rubbe your botes,

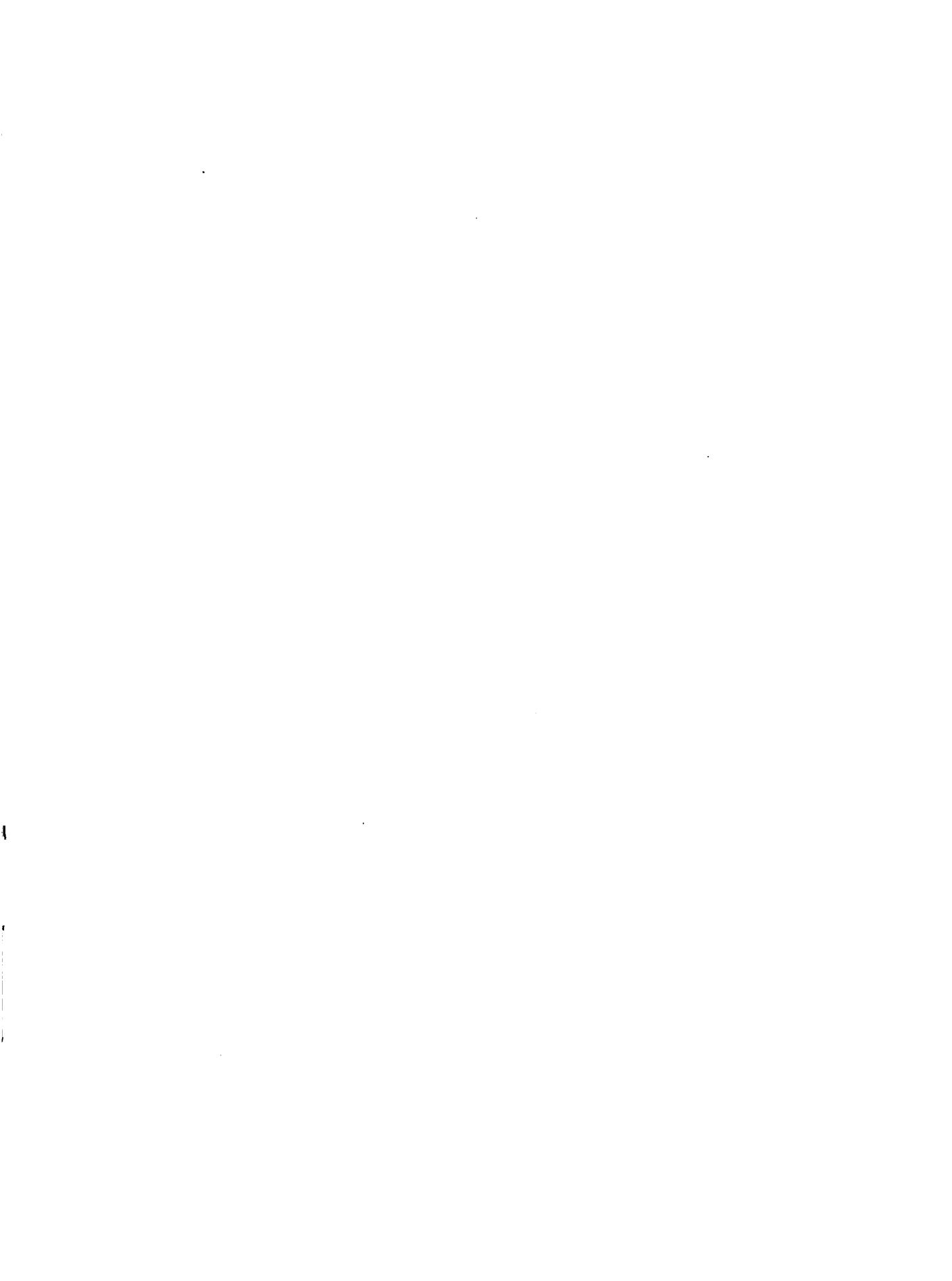
Therofe shuld from the rotes,

Whan ye shuld do them on.

Naturæ lex,

Thu art dysposed to mocke,

Sone mayst thu haue a knocke,



Actus secundus.

If thou with me so game,

Infidelitas.

Your mouth shall kyss my docke,

Your tonge shall it vnlocke,

But I saye what is your name;

Naturæ lex.

I am the lawe of Nature.

Infidelitas.

I thoughtes by your stature,

And by your auncyent gature,

Ye were of soch a rature,

Whan I first heard y speke.

We comonned with God lately,

And now ye are hys bawdy,

Men fynde to rule dyscretely,

Welcome syr huddy peke.

Naturæ lex.

If thou vse soch vyllanye,

I shall dysplease the trulye.

Infidelitas.

By the masse I the desye,

With thy whole cuckoldrye,

And all that with the holde,

Naturæ lex.

Why dost thou me blasphemē,

And so vngodly demē?

Infidelitas.

For by thys blessed boke,

3wne

Naturæ lex corrupta,

§. 15

I went ye had bene a coke,
And that made me so bolde,
For a coke ones hauynge age
With a face demure and sage,
And auncyent to beholde.
As you haue here in place,
With a bearde vpon your face,
What is he but a coke olde?

Naturæ lex.

We are dysposed to dallye,
To leape and ouersallye,
The compasse of your wytes,
I counsell ye yet in season,
Somwhat to folowere reason,
And gnawe vpon the byte,

Infidelitas.

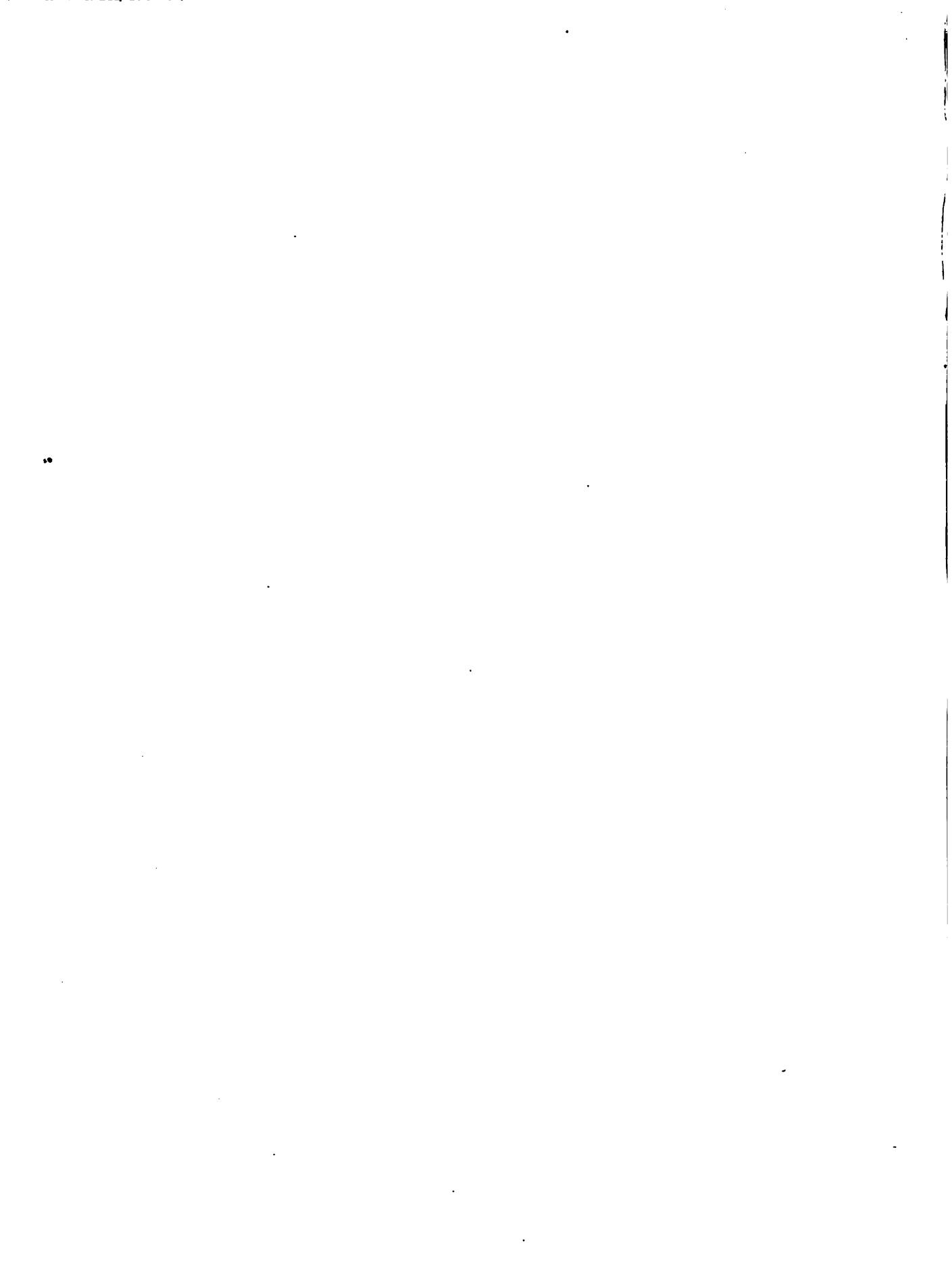
Then after our great madnesse,
Lete vs fall to some sadnesse,
And tell me what ye in tende,

Naturæ lex.

God sem me vnto Man,
To do the best I can,
To cause hym to amende.

Soche creatures as want reason,
Myrules obye yche season,
And that in eury borde,
The sunne and moneth doth moneth,

With



Actus secundus.
With the other bodyes above,
And never breake their ordre.

The trees and herbes doth growe,
The see doth ebbe and flowe,
And varyeth not a mayle.
The floudes and wholsom sprynges,
With other naturall thynges,
Their course do never fayle

The beastes and byrdes engendre,
So do the fyshes tendre,
Accordyng to their kynde
Alonlye man doth fall,
From good lawes naturall,
By a frowarde wycked mynde.

Infidelitas.
Now wyl I poure ye a lyar,
Next cosyne to a frater,
And on the gall ye rubbe.
Mesaye thy folowe your lawe,
And varyee not a strawe,
Whiche is a tale of a rubbe,

The sunne ones in the clyppes
Awake the clerenesse slyppes
And darkened is the daye,
Of the planets influence,

Aries.

Naturæ lex corrupta.

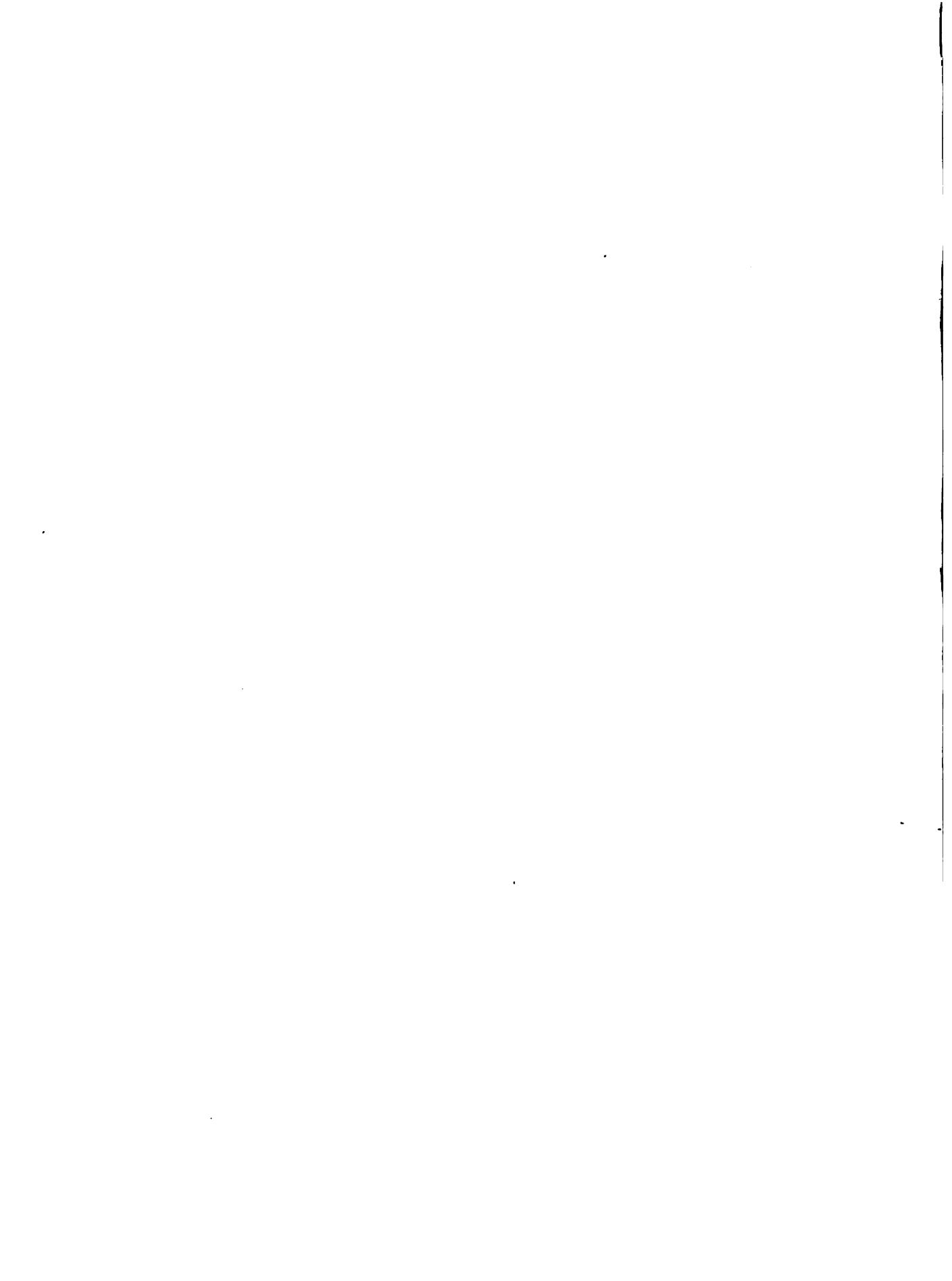
Dryfeth he pestylence.
To manye ones decaye,

Doth not the see sorage,
That non can it assage,
And swellowe in torone and streates?
The ayre whiche geneth breathe,
Sumtyme infecteth to deathe,
By hys most pestylent heate.

The beastes oft vndemire,
Whiche were left to manrys cure,
Wyll hym sumtyme devoure.
Thus are your rules forgote,
As i hynges of slendre note,
In creatures daye and houre,
Naturæ lex.

It is the wyll of God,
To se them as a rod,
Of hys iustponyshmenē.
Whan man doth not regarde,
The lorde nos hys rewardē,
Nor to hys lawes consent.

They never are so ronnysh,
But whan God doth man ponnysh,
For hys unhappynesse.
From God they never fall.



A Etussecundus.

Not from lawes naturall,

Doynge hys busynesse,

Infidelitas,

And now are the same lawe,

That kepe them vndre awe,

By you most polytyke wytte;

Naturæ lex.

God haſt appoyned me,

Mankynde to ouerse,

And in hys hart to sytt.

To teache hym, for to knowe,

In the creatures hyghand lowe,

Hys gloryouse magesse,

And on hys name to call,

Or power celestyall,

In hys necessyte,

To hymke hym euerlastynge,

And wonderfull in workynge,

And that he createth all,

Both gouerne and conserue,

From them heneuer swerue,

That to soch sayth wyll fall.

Infidelitas,

In dede here is good sport,

But why do you resot,

Vnto thys present place?

Naturæ lex.

B

Ellan

Nature lowe conceptus.

Man alwayes to exhort,
To sete all helth and confort,
Of the only God of graces
First in the hertes rcloyce,
And than with open voyce,
To worshyp hym alone.
Knowledgyng hys deynt,
Hys power and eternite,
Whan he shall make hym oneself
Infidelitas.

I shall kepe ye as well from that,
As my grandame kept her cat,
From lyckyng of her creame.

Nature lex.

What wylt thou kepe me fro?
Tell me ere thou farther go,
Ne thynke thou art in a dreame.

Infidelitas.

From causyng of Elankynde,
To gue to God hys mynde,
Or hys obedyence.

Nature lex.

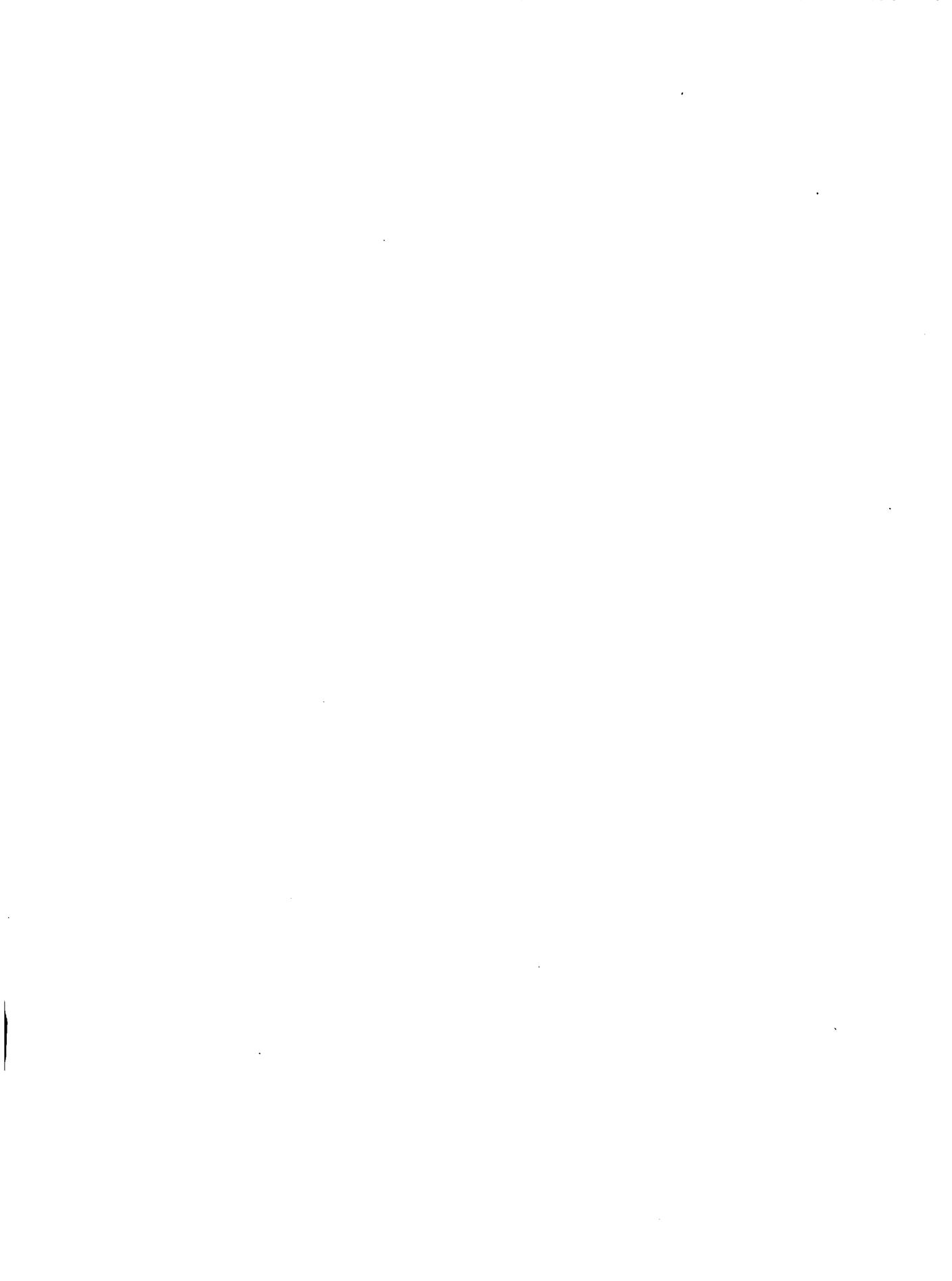
What is thy name? tell me.

Infidelitas.

Marry Infydelite,
Whyf never wyl agre,
To your benyvolence.

Nature lex.

The





Actus secundus

Thou amysst not repe me from man,

Infidelitas.

yet wyll I do the best I can,
To trouble ye now and than,

That ye shall not preuyale.

I wyll cause ydolatrye.

And most vyle sodomye,

To worke so ongracyouslye,

We shall of your purpose sayle;

Naturæ lex.

I desye the wycked synde,

With thy whole venemouse synde,

God putteh now in my mynde,

To sic thy compayne.

Infidelitas.

We are so blessed a Saynt,

And your self so wele can paynt,

That I must me acquaynt,

With yow no remedye.

Naturæ lex.

Anoyde tha cruell enemye,

I wyll non of the trulyc,

But shunne thy compayne,

As I wolde the dewyll of hells

Infidelitas.

And are ye gone in dede?

Small wyttam be your spedē,

B ij

Excluſi

Excepto

Nature lex corrupta;
Except ye take good hede,
I wyll benet of your counsell.

Now wyll I wort soch masterye,
By craftes and suryle polycye,
The lawe of nature ro poysen.
With pestylent ydolatrye,
And with most stynkyng sodomye,
That he shall haue no foysen.

Where are these vyssen knaves
The devyls ownelychyn slauces,
That them I can not se.
I coniure yow both here,
And charge yero apere,
Lyke two knaves as ye be.

Sodomimus.

Monachus.

Ambo is a name full cleane,
Knowe ye not what I meanet
And are so good a clarke,

Infidelitas.

By Tetragrammaton,
I charge ye, apere anon,
And come out of the darke.

Sodomimus.

Baue in than at a dash,
With swash myry annet swash,
Yet maye I not be to rash,

Intransitius.

for





Actus secundus.

For my holy orders sake.

Idololatria.

*Nor I sonne by my trouth,
Cha caute a corage of stourth,
And soch a comberouse couth,
Ych wote not what to do.*

Inuidelitas.

*At Christmas and at Paske.
ye maye daunce the devyll a maske,
Whyls hys great cawdron plawe,
Yow soch a prati mynyon,
And yow now in relygyon,
Soch two I neuer sawe.
Is not ihynac ydolatrye?*

Sodomismus.

*Yes, an wholsom woman verelye,
And wele scane in Phylosophye,
Mennys fortunes she can tell,
She can by sayenge her Aue marye,
And by other charmes of sorcerye,
Ease men of torbake by and bye,
Yea, and fatche the dewyll from hell.
She can mylke the cowe and hunte the boxe,
And helpe men of the ague and poxe,
So they brynge moneye to the boxe,
Whan they to her make mone.
She can fatch agayne all that is lost,
And drawe drynke out of a rotten post.*

Necromantie

B ij Without

Nature ex corrupta.

Without the helpe of the holyc Chaff.
In wechynges he is alone.

Infidelitas.

Whar sumtyme ther were an he,
Idolatria.

yca, but now ych am a she,
And a good mydwife per de,

Yonge chyldren can I charme.

With whysperynge and whyffynges,
With crossynges and with lyfifgnes
With blaſfynes and with blaſfynge,
That spretes do them no harme.

Infidelitas.

Then art thou lyke to Clifhene,
To Clodius and Euclides,
Sardanapalus and Hercules,
Whiche hemselfes oft transformed,
Into a womanys hystenes,
With agylie and spynctenes,
But they had Venus hystenes,
As writers haue declared.

Sodomismus.

Lere her tell fourth her matter.

Idolatria.

With holycyle and matter,
I can so cloyne and clatter,
That I can at the latter,
Almyte facylies contrayne.

300





Actus secundus

I can wokē wylcs in batte,
If I do ones but spattle,
I can make come and cattle,
That thcy shall never thryue.

Whan ale is in the farr,
If the bruuar please me nart,
The east shall fall dwyne flat,
And never have any strength.
No man shall tonne nor bale,
Nor meate in season make,
If I agaynst hym take,
But lose hys labour at length.

Their wellys I can vp drye,
Cause trees and herbes to dye,
And sicc all pullerye,
Where as men doth me monys,
I can make stoles to daunce,
And earr hen pottes to praunce,
That non shall them enhaunce,
And do but cast my gloue.

I haue charmes for the plowgh,
And also for the cowgh,
She shall geue mylke ynowgh,
So longe as I am pleased.
Space the mylle shall go,

Naturæ lex corrupta.

So shall the credle do,
And the musterde querne also,
No man therwith dyseased,

Infidelitas.

Then art thou for me sytt.
Sodomilus.

The woman hath a wytt,
And by her gere can sytt,
Though she be somewhat olde:
It is myne owne swete ballye,
My mussyne and my mullye,
My gelouez and my cullye,
Yea, myne owne swete hart of Golde.

Infidelitas.

I saye yet not to bolde.

Idolatria.

Peace sondelinge, rush a button,
Infidelitas;
What wylt thou fall to mutton:
And playe the hungry glutton,
Afore thy compayne,
Ranke lone is full of heate,
Where hungry dogges lacke meate,
They wylly durty puddynges eate,
Forwance of besyd conye.

Hygh mynyon for monye,
As good is draffe as honye,

Whan

Actus secundus.

Whan the daye is whote and sonnye,
By the blessed rode of Kent.

Sodomismus.

Sayre fourth your mynde good mother,
For ihys man is non other,
But our owne louynge brother,
And is very wele content.

Idololatria.

I never mysse but paulter,
Our blessed ladyes psaulter,
Before saynt Sauers auiter,
With my bedes ones a daye.
And thys is my commen cast,
To heare Massie first or last.
And the holy frydaye fast,
In good tyme mowt I it saye;

With blesynges of Saynt Germynye,
I wyll me so determyne,
That neyther foxe nor vermyne,
Shall do my chukens harme.
For your gesse seke saynt Legearde,
And for your duckes saynt Lenarde,
For horse take Moyses yearde,
There is no better harme.

Take me a napkyn folte,
With the byas of a holte,

Nature sex corrupte?

For the healyng of a colte,
No better thyng can be.
For lampes and for bottes,
Take me saynt Wylfrides knottes,
And holy saynt Thomas lottes,
On my lyfe I warande ye.

For the cowgh take Judas eare,
With the parynge of a peare,
And drynke them without feare
If ye wyl haue remedy,
Three syppes are for the hyckock,
And vi. more for the chyckock,
Thus maye my praye pyckock,
Recover by and by.

If ye cannot slepe but slumber,
Seue otes unto saynt Vnumber,
And beanies in a serten number,
Unto saynt Blase and saynt Blythes
Seue onions to saynt Cutlak,
And garlyke to saynt Cyryake,
If ye wyl shunne the head ale,
ye shall haue them at quene bythe;

I deame of a shipes tyrdle,
And good saynt Frances gyrdle,
With the hanuler of an hyrdle,

}



Actus secundus.

Are wholesome for the pypper
Besydes these charmes afore,
I have feates many more,
That I kepe styll in store,
Whome now I ouer hympe.

Infidelitas.

It is a spore I crowe,
To heare how she our blowe,
Her wiche craftes on a rowe,
By the Mass I must nedes sayle,
Now I praye chelete me knowe,
What syde or that thy camyst swone,
Mankynde to ouer thowle,
And the lawe of nature begyle.

Sodomitius.

Myselfe I so behauie,
And am so vyle a knave,
As nature doth deprave,
And viceroy abhorre.
I am soche a vycce truelye,
As God in his great furye,
Hedponys h most terrynlye,
In Sodome and in Gomorre.

In the fleshe I am a fyre,
And soch a vyle desyre,
As bryng men to the myre,
Of foul concupyscence.

Naturelex corrupter.

We two togyther beganne,
To spryng and to grove in manne,
As Thomas of Aquyne scanne,
In the ffor boke of hyssentence,

I dwelt amonc the Sodomytes,
The Beniamytes, and Madamytes,
And now the popys hypocrytes.
Embrace me cuery where,
I am now become all spyrituall,
For the clergye at Rome and ouer all,
For want of reynes to me doth fall,
To God they haue no feare.

The chyldrynes of God I ded so mone,
That they the daughters of men ded late,
Workynge soch wayes as ded not behove;
Tyll the floude them ouer wente,
With Nives sonne Chas I was half kynged,
Whan he hys dronken father scoured,
In the Semorytes Ialsa reigned,
Tyll the hand of God them brent.

I was with Onan not unaquaynted,
Whan he on the grounde hyincreased his bode,
For me hys brotherne Joseph accused,
As Genesis doth tell,
David ones witened all mannes fute.





Actus Secundus.

Do ne as mules and horses wylle do,
Confounded be they that do smage godz,
Those are the wayes to hell,

Both Esay and Ezechiel,
Both Hieremy and Daniel,

Of vs the abhomynacyons tell,
With the prophetes everychott,
For vntwo God strake with fyre & watter,
With battayle, with plages & fearfull matter,
With paynefull exyle, than at the latter,
Into Egyp特 and Babylon.

As Paule to the Romanes testysyt,
The gentyles after Idolatrye,
Fell to soch bestyall Sodomye,
That God ded them forsake.
Who foloweth vs as he confesse,
The kyngedom of God shall never posseſſe,
And as the Apocalypſe exprefſe,
Shall synke to the burnyng lake.

We made Thalon and Eophocles,
Thamiras, Nero, Agathocles,
Tiberius and Arisdotelis,
Themselues to rſemnaturallye
Teaught Iristo and Fulvius,
Semiramis and Borethius,

Crathe,

Naturalex corrupte;
Crates, Hyliscus, and Pontius,
Beastes to abuse most monstrositye.

Infidelitas.

Marry thou art the devyll hymselfe,

Idolatria.

Ifye knewe how he coulde pelfe,
Ye wolde saye he were soch an else,

As non vnder heauen were else

Infidelitas.

The fellawe is wele decked,
Dysfysed and wele necked,
Both knauedalde and pypecked,
Belacheth norhyng but belas

Sodomitamus.

In the first age I beganne,
And se perseuerde with manne,
And stylly wyll if I canne,
Solonge as he endure.
If monkysh secretes tense,
And popys hysteres concyntue,
Whyd are of my reryng,
To lyue I shall be sure.

Cleane Marryage they sayd,
They can not their woyes be hyd,
All en knowe what hath beryd,
Whan they haue bene in parcell
Or haue they baryed quycle.

End

||



Actus secundus

God so were never sycke,
Full many a proprie trycke,
They haue to helpe their quarell,

In Rome to me they fall,
Both Byshopp and Cardynall,
Monke, frere, prest and all,
More ranker they are than antles
Example in pope Julye,
Whiche sought to have in hys furze,
Two laddes, and so vse them beastlye,
From the Cardynall of Vlanoes.

Infidelites.

Well, you two are for my mynde,
Steppe forth and do your lynde,
Leave never a poynt be hynde,
That mayc corrupt in man,
The lorde wryt in hys hart.
In hys flesh do thy part. 2d God.
And hys soule to pernare. 2d Idol.
Do thurthe best thucan.

Here haue I prayte gynnes,
Both brouches, beades and pynnes,
With soch as the peoplewynnes,
Unto ydolatrie.
Take the part of them here. 2d Idol.
Beades, rynges, and other gerte, 3rd

Nature hat corrupt,
And shoulde the bestere,
To deceyue man properlye.

Take thys same staffe and scryppe,
With a God here of a chyppe,
And good beldame forwarde hyppe,
To set forth pylgrymage.
Set thu forth Sacramentalis;
Saye dyr ge and syng for trentals,
Sodye the popes Decretals,
And mixt them with biggerage;

Ad Sod.

Here is a stoole for the,
A ghostlye fathered be,
To heare, Benedicte.
A boxe of creame and doyle.
Here is a purse of rellyckes,
Ragges, rotten bones, and stycches,
A taper with other trycketes,
Shewethen in every soyle.

Ad Idol.

Sodomismus.
I wyl corrupt Gods Image,
With most unlawfull vsege,
And bayng hym into dottage,
Of all concupyscence,
Idolatria.
Within the flesh thou art,
But I dwell in the hart,

62
And



Natura let correp.
And wyl the peple pervert,
From Godes obediency,
Infidelioun.

Spare non ab humynacyon,
Non detestable falsyfyon,
That mannes ymagynacyon,
By myre maye comprehendende,
To quycfen our spretes strange,
Synge now someryng songe,
But let it not be longe,
Least we so much offendre.

Post canticum Infidelioun alia note dicitur
Oramus.

O Mispotis semperne Deus, qui ad imaginem
& similitudinem nostram formasti laicos, da
quaesumus, ut sicut eorum sudoribus uitiumus,
sa eorum ueribus, illabus & domitellis per-
petuo frui mereamur. Per dominum nostrum Papam.
Infidelioun.

Now are these wherfore fayre,
It wyl be swiche a croch,
To se how they wyl wreke,
The one to payson the part,
The other the ouerdepart,
In grymoursly wyl lente,

The lewe of nature they wyl,
In þem corrupt and spyll.

Naturalex corruptus

With their abhomyngayon.

Idolatry with wyckednesse,

And Sodomy with sylthynesse,

To hys most vicer dampnasyon.

These two wyl hym so yfe,

Ich one in their abuse,

And wrappe hym in fachonyll,

That by their wycked cast,

He shall be at the last

A mortell for the devyll.

Now shibernew her mynges,

Idolatry hath mynges,

With their nobylite,

Both dukes, lordes, knyghtes and earles,

Fayre ladyes with their pearles,

And the whole commonalty.

Within the boundes of Sodome,

Both d'well the spirytuall clergye,

Pope, Cardinall and prest,

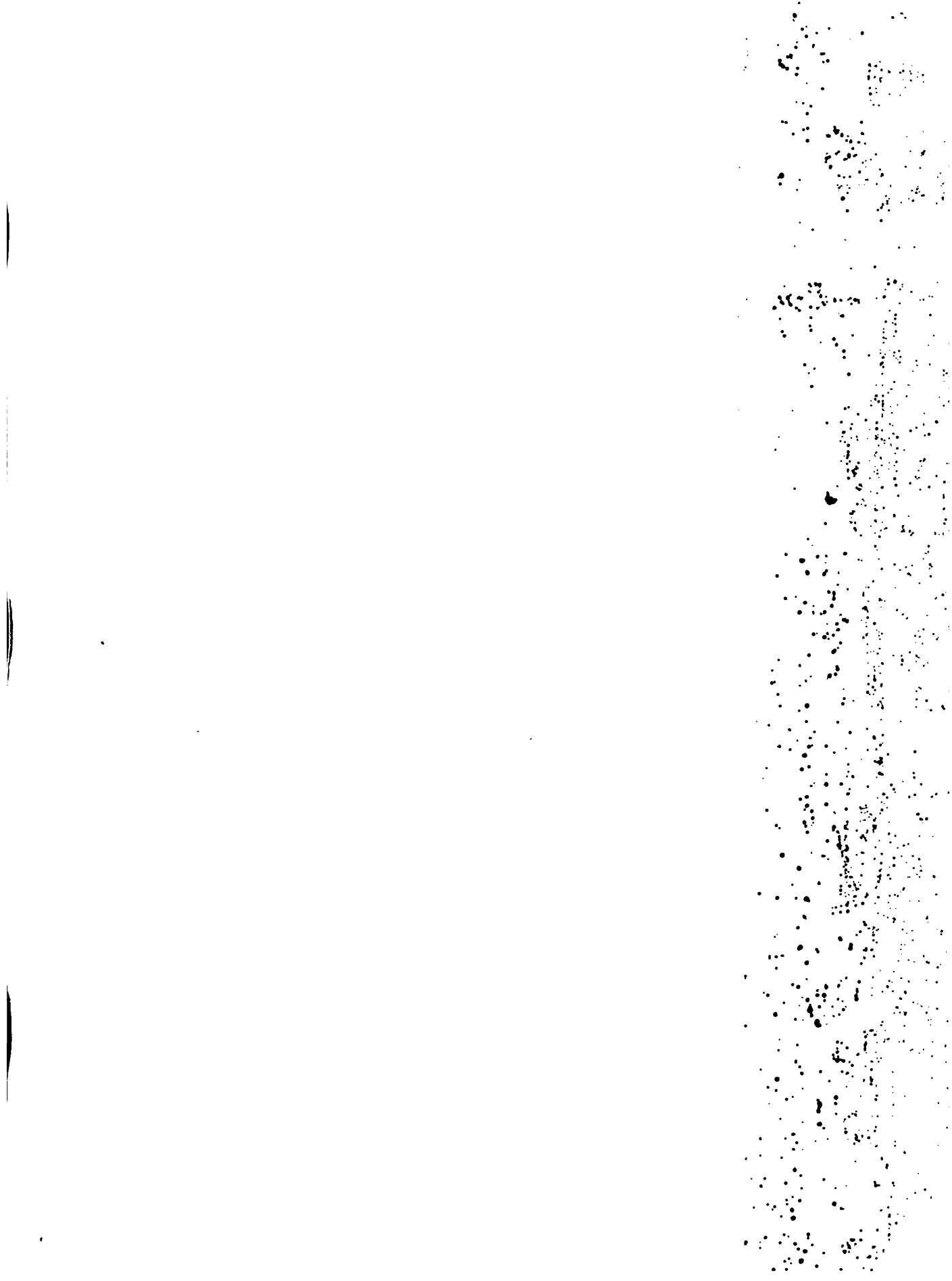
Clowne, Chanon, Monk and frere,

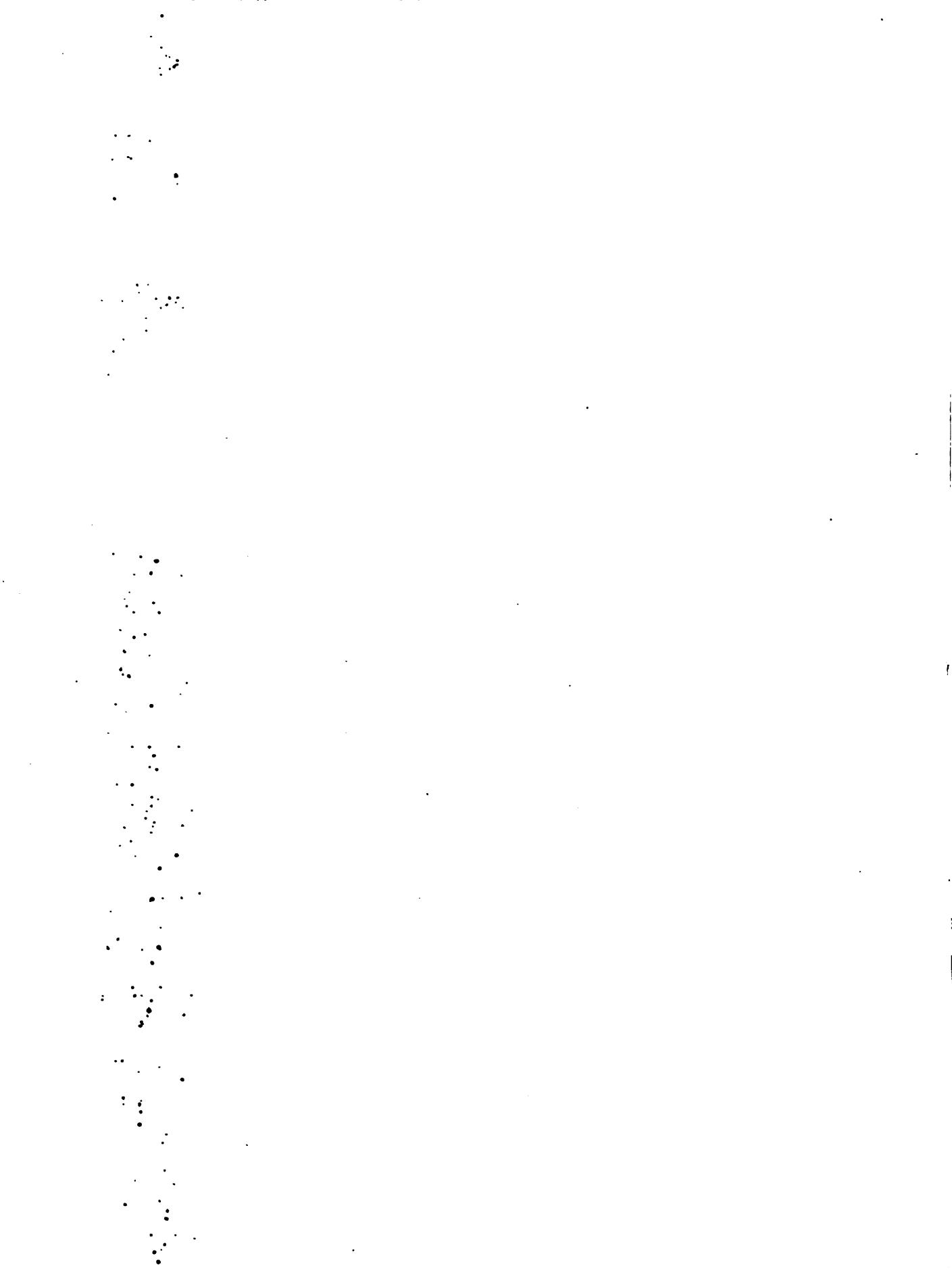
With so many els as do desyre,

Toreigne vndre Antichrist.

Detestyng matrimonye,

They hys abhomyngayon,





Actus secundus

And burnein carnall lust.
Shall I tell ye farther newes?
At Rome for prelates are strewes,
Of both fyndes. Thys is iust.

The lawe of Nature I thynke,
Wyll not be able to wynke,
Agaynst the assaultes of them,
They hauyng so hygh prelates,
And somanye great estates,
From hens to Bierusalem.

Pause now a lyttle whyle,
Myne eares doth me begyle,
If I heare not a sonnde,
Venfolke hath sped I gesse,
It is so by the Nesse,
Awayenot wyll I rounde. Exe.

Naturæ lex.

I thynke ye maruel, rose doch alteracyon,
At thy symme in me, whom God left here so pure.
Of me it cometh not, but of mannys operacyon.
Whome dayly the devyll, to great synne doth allure,
Ind hys nature is full brytle and vnsure.
By hym haue I gote thyssowle dysease of bodye,
Ind as yese here, am now throwne in a leprye.

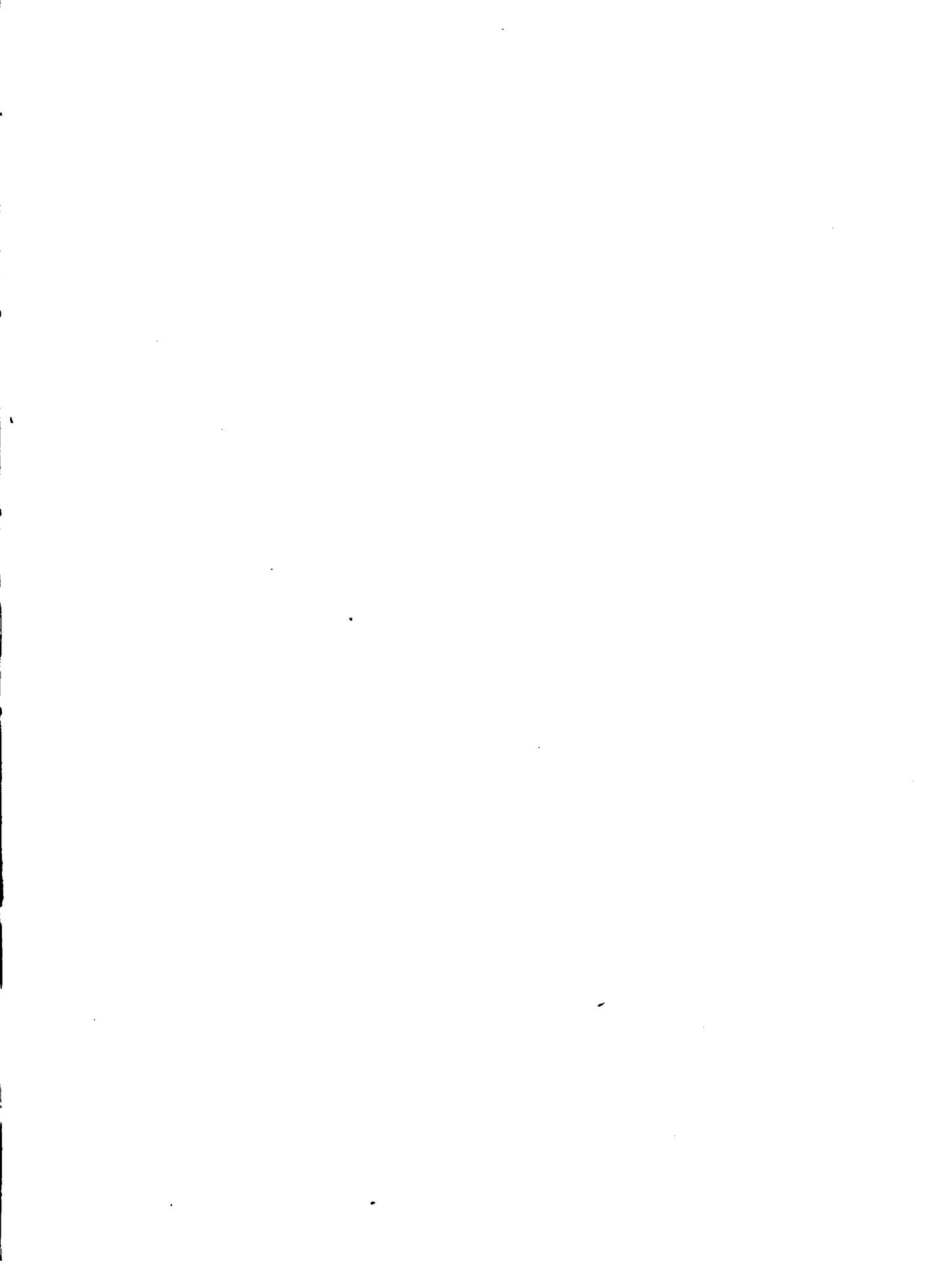
I wrought in hys hart, as God had errestlye,

C ii Bym

Actus secundus.

Hym oft poesynge, to loue God over all,
With the inner powers, But that false Idolatrie,
Hath hym peruerred, by slayghtrye dyabolycall.
And so hath Sodomye, through hys abusess carnall,
That he is now lost, offendyngewithout measure,
And I corrupted, to my most hygh dysplaſture.
I abhorte to tell, the abusyon besyall,
That they daylye vſe, whiche boast their chaffye,
Some at the auiter, to incotynency fall,
In confessyon some, full beastly occupied be.
Amonge the close nonnes, reynach thy excrence,
Such chyldren flee they, as they chauncer fo to haue,
And in their priuyes, prouyde them of their grave.

ye Christen rulers, soyow for thy s waye,
Venot illuded, by false hypocresye.
By the stroke of God, the woulde wyll clo decaye
Dernyt preſtegarter, Gods laſtfull remedye
Than they shuld incurre, most besyall Sodomye.
Regarde not the pope, nor yet hys whorish kyngedome
For he is the master, of Genoc and of Sodome.
With illan hane I bene, whiche hath me thus doſe
With Idolatrie, and vnicleane Sodomye. (ſylb)
And wonhye I am, from God to be cryled,
Pute me yet lord, of thy most boundeconſe mercye
I wyll ſourh & mourne, ſyll chusende remedye
Promyſe haſt thou made, to a gloriouſe lyberte,
To brynghe heauk & earth, þe wyls þu (I knoſt) ſe
Gore me.



Incipit Actus tertius.

Mosch lxx.

Goode percyuyng, hys first lame thuares
raped,
Goode Wch uncleane ryces, sent me hys lawe of
Moses,
To se hym for synne, substancialye corrected,
And broughte in a gayne, to a trade of godlynes.
For I am a lawe, of rygour and of hardenes,
I straiglyt commaunde, and if it be not done,
I cherten, I curse, and flee in my anger gone.

To God I requyre, & perfyght obedyence,
Condemnyng all soch, as do it not in effect,
Is he we what synne is, I burde sore manys cōfeyence
To hym am I death, whan hys lyfe is infect,
Yet if he take hede, to Christ I hym drect,
Forgivenesse to haue, wchlyght, helth & saluacyon,
Least he shuld dyspayre, & fall into dampnacyon.

Infidelitas.

Be,
A pechyme quoch I, I knowen not the tyne nor whan,
I ded laugh so moch, sene I was an honest man.
Belene me and ye wyl, I never sawe soch a spott,
I wolde ye had bene there, char ye myghte haue made
the fent.

Mosch lxx.

Wher woldest haue had mete ell me good broch ar
synne. C M. lxx,

Mosch lex corrupca;

Infidelitas.

At the Nynorasse fer, late yester nyghe at complyme.

Mosch lex.

At the Nynorasse? Why, what was there a day?

Infidelitas.

Forsdhan other, wolde I to Scerhamptige go,
Indede yster daye, it was ther dedycacion
And thider in Gods name, came I to se the fashyon.
An olde fryrestode forth, with sparcacles on hys nose
Begynnyngc thy Antene, & my sayth I do not glise

Lapides preciosi.

Mosch lex.

Wher wher ded folowe of thyse?

Infidelitas.

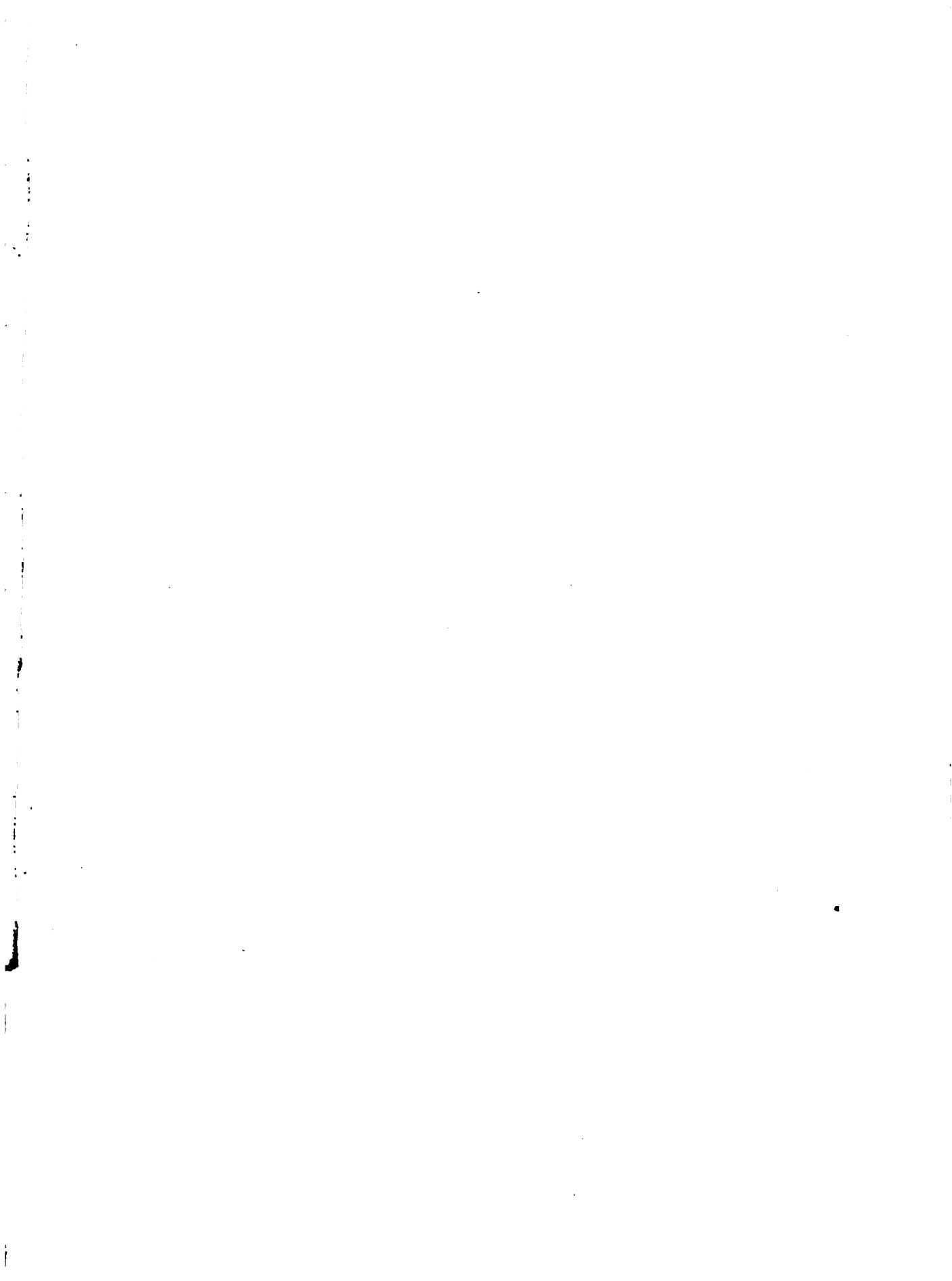
I shall tell ye fer by Gods blys,
Then came Dame Isbel, an olde wome & a calm,
Crovynge lyke a capon, and thus began the Psalme.

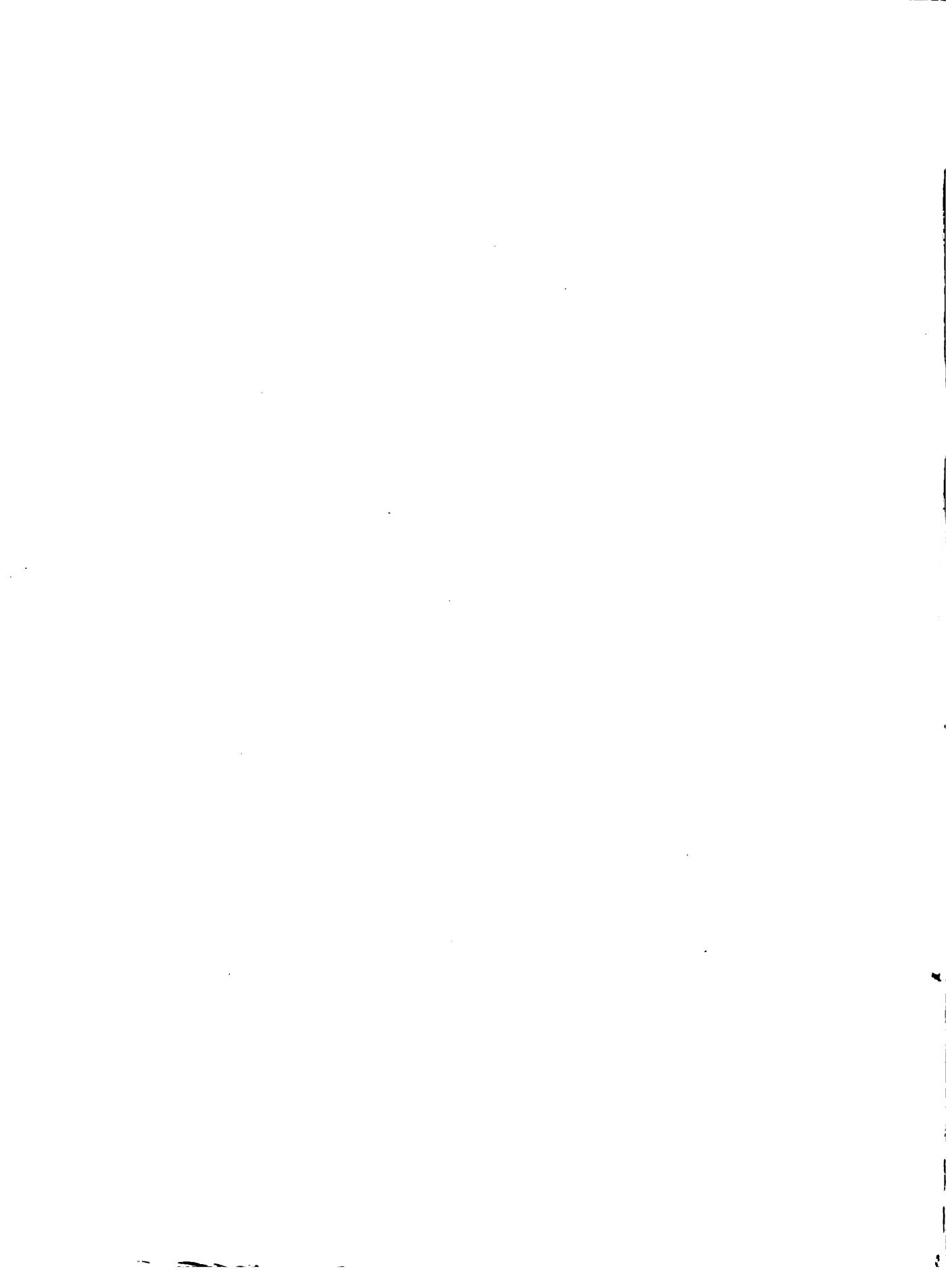
Sage expugnauerunt me a iumentaria.

Mosch lex.

Wher wher ded folowe of thyse mysteryes?

Infidelitas.





Actus Tertius.

Infidelitas.

A simple probleme of bytcherye.
Whan the styr begone, Afore the Vonne,
To syng of picyousc stones.
From my you th say I bē, They haue confort me,
As it had bene for the nones.

Mosch lxx.

I assure the playne, I set not by soþ gaude,
Thy usage shewethe, to be brought vp amōge bandes
Infidelitas.
It was a good weuld, whā we had soþ wholsō storyes
Preached in our churche, on sondayes & other seryeas
With vs was it merye,
Whan we went to Berge,
And to our lady of grace,
To the bloude of hayles,
Wher no good therē sayles,
And other hollye place.

Whan the prestes myght walke,
And with yonge wyues walke.
Then had we chyldren plente,
Than cuckoldes myght leape,
A score on a heape,
Now is there not one to twentye.
Whan the Monkes were fatte,
And ranke as a ratte,
With bellyes lyke a bole.

C iiiij Then

Mosch lex corripit.

Then all thynges were dere,
Both bese, brede and bere,
Now grudge the loueres fore.

When Byshoppes myght burne,
And from the truthe turne,
The syllye syngle swole.
Thandurst no man creake;
Open mouth he not speake,
Of Chast nor yet of Devounce.

Now are the preches holde,
With Scripturetes to holde,
And teache them evry where.
The carter, the sower,
The bodger, ther clowter,
That all mylawaye I ferre;

It vs so they palle,
Our lynges are daile,
We are now lyke to fall.
If we do not fyght,
For the churches ryght,
By the vilesse we shall lose all.

But I praye ye sir, tell me what is your name?

Mosch lex.

The lawe of Moses, colye I were to blame.

Infidelitas.



Actus tertius.

Infidelitas.

In thos same partyes, what do ye now intende?

Mosch lex.

Mankynde to refourme, that he byslyfe amende.
I shere what synnes, & what thynges please ih god,
I conforte the iust, and the yll. I punysh with rod,
The comen people, haue thought it commodyouse,
Dyuerse Goddes to haue, with rytes supersticiose.

My commandement is, to seke one God alone,
And in all their nedes, to hym to make thair mone,
Amonge the Gentylcs, was it thought no iniurye,
If a man were hurt, to slée his aduersarye.
Thys thyng I forbyd, and saye, thus hale not kill,
Lawe is the reuenger, the man maye do no yll.

Some persones there are, that in ordynarlye love,
Those are perswaded, all thynges them to behoue.
Whiche I abyte, saynge contynuallye,
No rape shal thu do, nor yet committ aduorterye,
Thus hale do no theft, nor couete that is not thyne,
Agaynst thyneyber, shal thu not falsely dysfyne.

Infidelitas.

We maye do no thyng, if we be pynned in thus,
Neither yow nor God, to that hardet trade shall baynge
ge vs.

We must haue one God, & worshipp hym alone
Werrythat indeede, wolde make a Turke to groane.

Mosch lex corrupta.

If we be stryken, we maye not stryke agayne:
A proper bargayne, and dyscretelyc vtered playne.
For cumpanyes sake, ye saye we maye not loue:
I desye your wost, and to yew therel is my gloue.

Mosch lex.

What, thu wylt not fyght? thy wyttes are better thā
Infidelitas. (fo

In the quarell of loue, I shall prove ye ere I go,
By the Nesse I thynke, to put ye to your fence.

Mosch lex.

Thū were moch better, to kepe thy pacience.

Infidelitas.

Vay by cockes sowle fryd, I must lay ye on the coasta
In loues cause to fyght, ye maye soule haue me a floata
Vay, haue at your pylche, defende ye if ye maye.

Mosch lex.

Such & sole art thu, as sete thyne owne decaye;
If Jones meddle, to the it wyl be death,
Desyf thu never hear, that lame sleath i hys wreath
Infidelitas.

By the blessed lorde, than wyl I playe Robsons parte.

Mosch lex.

Whye, what part wylt thou playe?

Infidelitas.

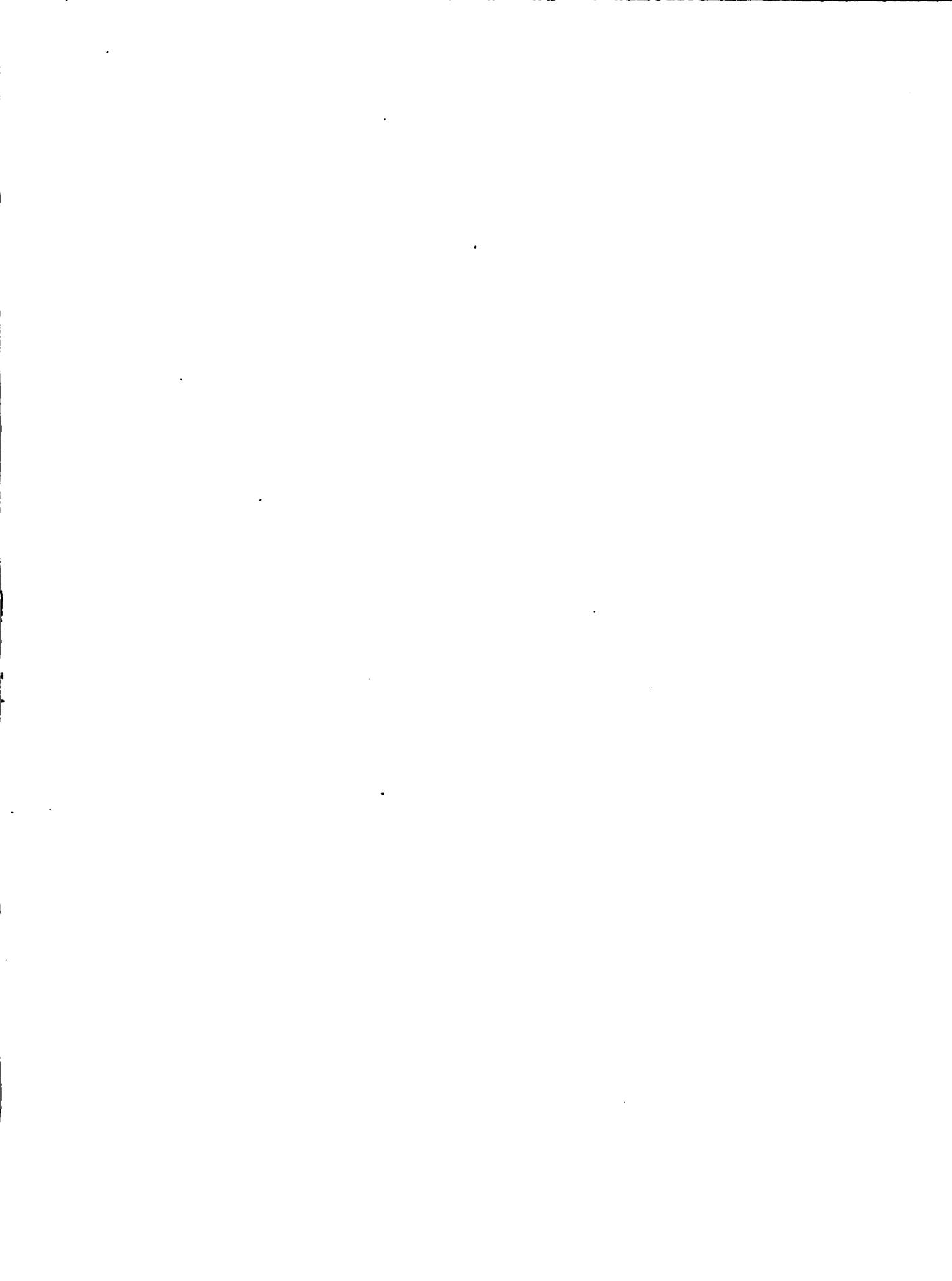
By cockes sowle geue ouer, so soncas I felte smote.

Mosch lex.

It wyl be to late, if I ones cupple with the.

Infidelitas;

Then





Actus tertius.

Then let me alone, and we shall sone agre,
And I shall be glad, to be acquaynted withye.

Mosch lex.

Acquayntance good fellawe, thu mayst sone haue of
Insidelitas, (me.
The wors fault I haue, I am hastye now and thas,
But it is sone gone, I toke it of a woman.
But what meane those tables, that ye haue in your
hands? Mosch lex. (hands.)

Bepe sylence a whyle, and thu shalt understande.
The thynges I declare, the first are the preceptes
morall.

Next, the lawes iudcial, & last the rytes ceremonial
The morall preceptes, are Gods comaunderementesten,
Which ought euermore, to be obserued of all men.
The lawes of Nature, the morall preceptes declare,
Andys plesant workes, to God they teache & prepare
They sturre man to fayth, & prouoke hym also to loue
To obeye, to serue, and to worshyp God above.
In two stony tables, God wrotes hem first of all,
That they shuld remayne, as thynges contynual.
The first hath but thre, which tede to Gods hygh ho
nour,
Sene hath the seconde, & they conerne our neybour.
The first doth expounde, the first lawe naturall.
The next the other, makyng them very formall.
In speete is the first, yt we shuld God honour & loue,
To outward workinge, the seconde doth vs moue.

Forbyddynge

Mosch ix corrupte,
Forbyddynge all wrōges, preseruyngelustmarryage,
Nonysyng true peace, and other godly usagc.

Infidelitas.

What is the effect, of your lawes Judyciall?
Mosch ixi.

Soch thynges to comawide, as are cyuyle or temporall.

From vycē to refrayne, and outwarde iniurye,
Quynt to conserue, and publyque honestie.
These are to suppon, the lawes of the seconde table.
Ceremonyall rytes are also commenable,
In holy dayes, garnitures, temples & consecracyons,
Sacrifyses & doves, with offerynges & expiacyōs

Whiche are vnto Christ, as sygure, types & shadowes
As Paule doth declare, in hys pystle to the Hebrews,
These are only sygures, & ourwardē testymonyes,
No man is perfyght, by soch darke ceremonys.
Only percygne they, unto the thirde comandement,
Of the Sabbath daye, tyl Christ the loude be present.

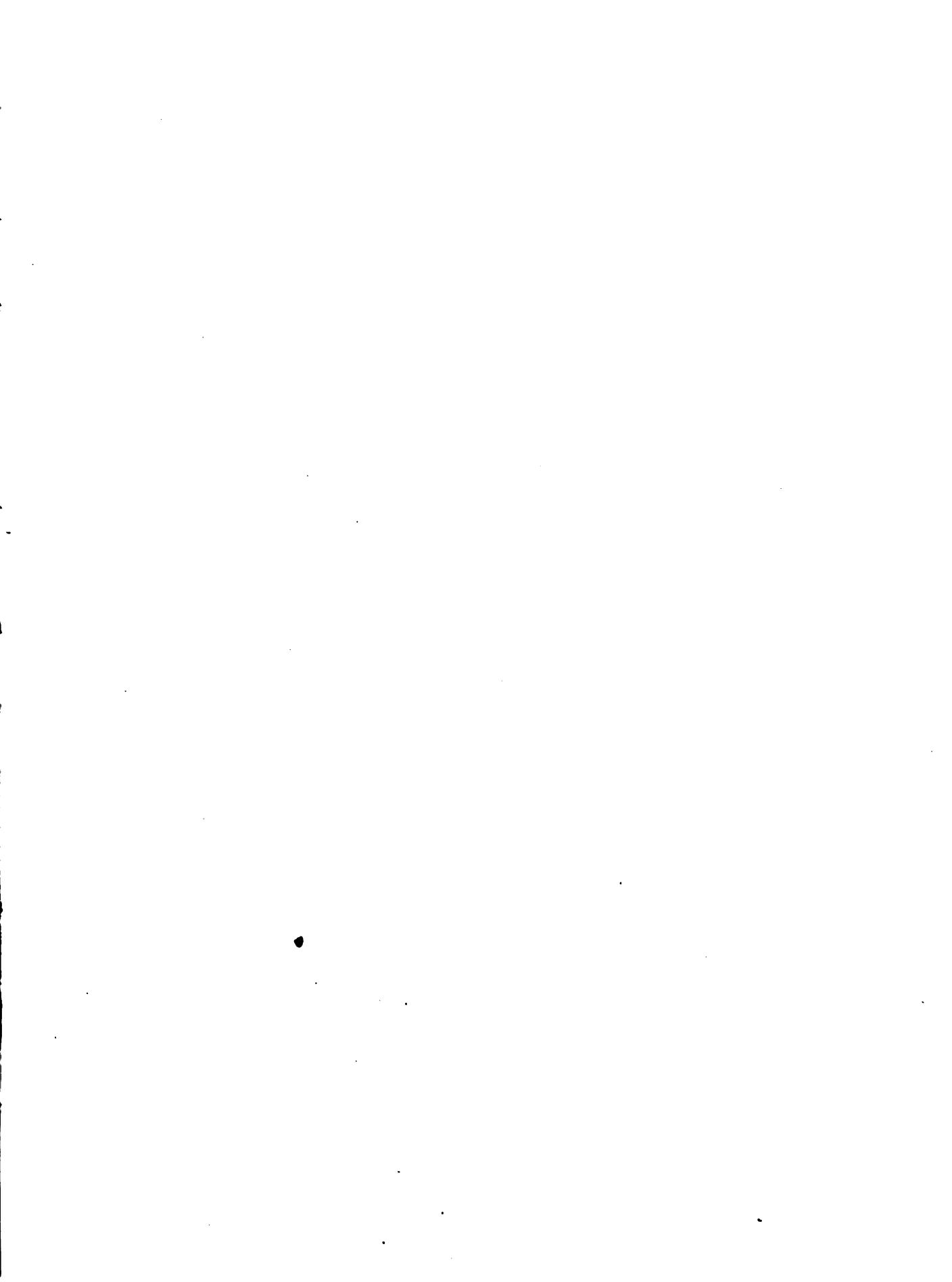
In hydeath endyng, the whole Judaycal presthode.
Infidelitas.

Good dayes myght ye haue, ye speake it full welby
the rede.

I am a poore lad, & by my teouch bent eressilge,
Comoyse upon ye, and to be your very lackys.

Mosch ix.

What



Actus Tertius

What art thou called, I praye thee hartelye,

Infidelitas:

Grayefryre am I non, by the Nesse I can nor flante,
I am Infydelite, to tell the truthe of the matter.

Mosch ix.

And hast thou so longe, dyssembled thus with me?

Infidelitas,

Yea, for aduaantage, to smell out your subeylyte,

Mosch ix.

Quoyde hens I saye, thus false Infydelite.

Infidelitas.

Naye that I wyll not, by Ynglyam Trynyte,

Mosch ix.

Wylt thou not in dede, thā wyll I set hyther the peare
Of iudges & kynges, to subdue the with thy house.

Infidelitas.

Exi.

Soþ knyghtes wyll I haue, as shall cōfounde the alle

As Sadducees & scrybes, with the sect pharysaycas
By helpe of my chyldren Idolatrie and Sodomye.

The lawe of nature, I fest onesins leprie.

I haue yet two more, Ambycyon & Cowrounnes,

Whych wyll do as moch, to the lawe of Moses.

Where are my whoresons, that they comenot awye.

Avaritia. Jurisconsultus.

Yea, whoreson on thy face, euen in thy best arraye,

I wyll thu knowe it, I am a worshypfull Doctor,

A Scrybe in the lawe, and a profitabile proctor.

Infidelitas.

Gipp

Mosch. sex corrupt.
Goppewith a vengeance, how comest thu so clost

Avaricia.

I shall tell the man, if thou wylt commen more soft,
By sayned flatterye, and by coloured adulacyon,

Ambycyon here also, rose out of a lyke foundacyon,

Infidelitas.

Come, axe me blesyng, lyke piaty boyes apace,

Ambitio.

I wyll not bowesure, to soch a folyshe face,

Infidelitas.

Axe blesyng I saye, and make me nō more a do,

Ambitio.

Unsemely were it, we prelates shuld do so,

Avaricia.

For no compulsyon, wyll I do it by swete Marye,

Infidelitas.

I must fatche ye in, there is no remedye.

Anaughty whoresō, haue I brought ye rþ hybber toſ,

And knowe not your father: ycshal dynke borþere I

Ambo simul.

Nō more at thy tyme, forsooth we crye a mercye,

Infidelitas.

Downe on your knees thā, & axe me blesyng shortlye,

Ambo simul.

Blesse me gestyll father, for swete saynt charye.

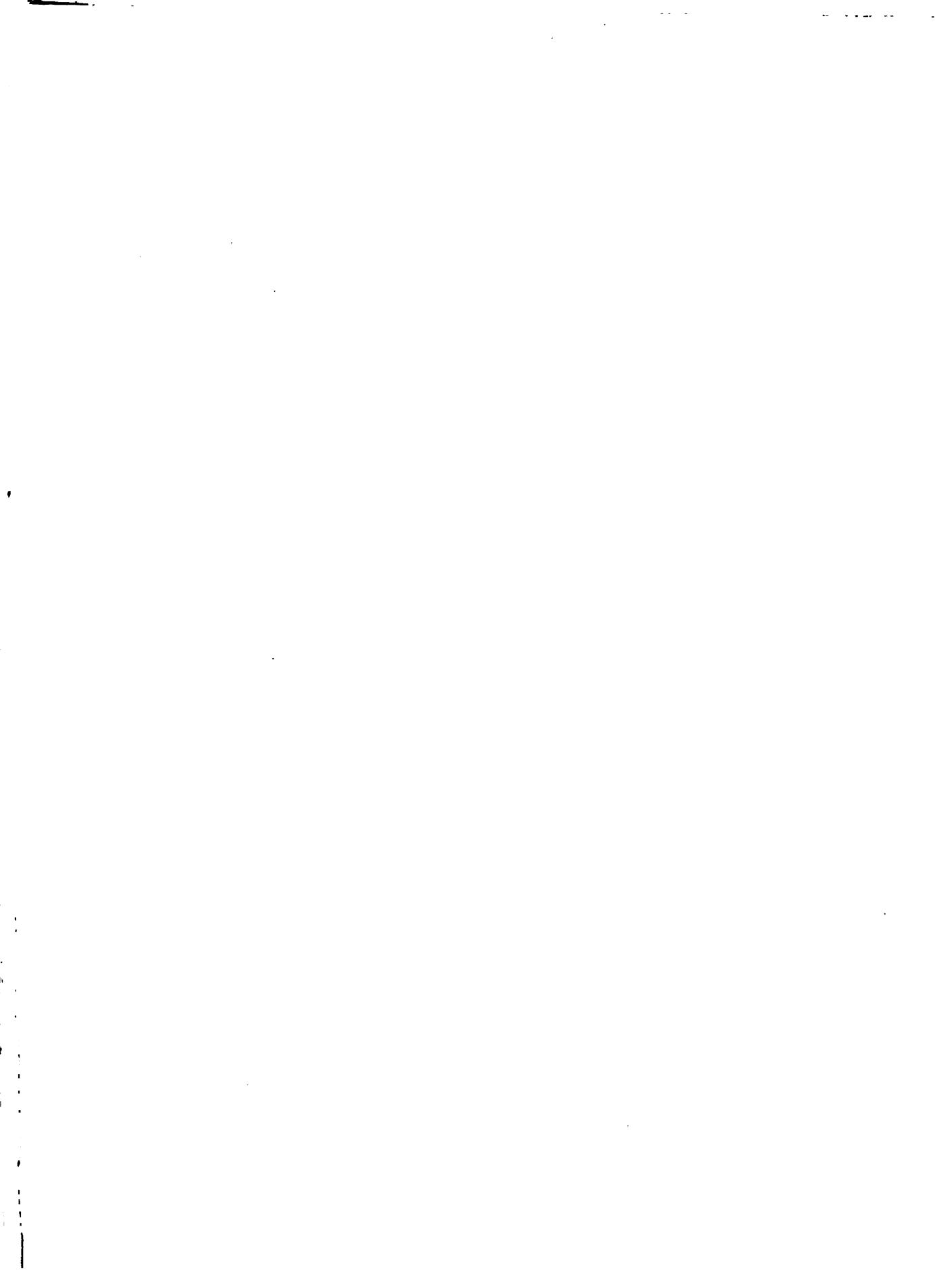
Infidelitas.

rysenoughtry knaves, God lete ye never to thee.

longh amage our selues, we murmour, bragge &

face,

Somtyme





Actus tertius.

Somyme for llore, somyme for the hygher place,
Yer for aduantage, in thys we all agre,
To blynde theruleres, and deceyne the commynalre.

Avaritia.

Are aduyfed of thare, by the blisse we are in dede,
Yer of our knaverye, the folcs wyl never late hede.

To laboure with a spade,
Our colour wolde it fade,
We mayenot with that trade,
We loue somoch our easse,
We must lyue by thare swesse,
And haue good drynk and meatte,
Whan they haue not doone,
The substance of a pease.

We leade them in the darke,
And so theur conseyencemake,
That sturdy they are and sterte,
In every wycked envyll.
We teacheydolatrie,
And laugh full merelye,
To sydch cumpaire,
Ronne headlondes to the devyll.

If we maye haue the tythynges,
And profitable offerynges,
We care not so wher dynges,

They

Mose lex corrupte.
They customablye fall.
We are soch mercenaryes
And subtile propretaries,
As from the flock all carryes,
The wolle, synne, flesh and all.

In our perambulacyons,
We loke for commendacions,
And lowlye salutacions,
In temple, howse and strete,
Our lowsyelatynge howres,
In borowes and in bowres,
The poore people deuowres,
And treade them vndre fete.

Ambitio.

I am Ambryeon, whose dysposicion,
Is honour to appere,
I gape for empyre, And worshypp desyre,
As Minos ded in Crete.
I loke vp aloft, and loue to lyte soft,
Not carynge for my flocke.
Bane I ones the flesc, with pygges, lambes & geese
They maye go turnea a socke.

Lucifer I made, So hyghly to wade,
To God he wolde be equall,
Of Adam & Eve, I slew the beleue,
And caused them to fall.

Whas

Actus tertius.

Whanede I rehearce, The gyauntes most feare,
With the buylers of Babell.
Vlckrod the tyrant, with them there applyant,
Agreed to my counsell.

From me wolde not go, Cruell Pharaon,
Nomore wolde Amalech,
Saul, Achirophel, Absalon, Jesabel,
Nor Adonis dede.

I made Roboam, And Bieroboam,
With Nabuchedonosor.
Triphon, Alchimus, and Simon magus,
To abuse them evirmor.

In pryme I excede, And no people fede,
But with lyes for aduaantage.
As Mantuan tell, To leade men to hell,
Is my most commen vsage.

Byghthynges I attempt, And wylle me exempt,
From pryncessury syccyon.
I am soch an ewyll, As brynge to the dewyll,
Without anye contradycyon.

Infidelitas.
Here is a prelate, euen for myne owne touth,
Sochan other is, not in the whole south.
Clappe thu somewhat more, as thu hast begunne,

¶ Ilyfe

Moseh lex. corrupta,

Ilyfe wele your talkyngc, by thc holy llyinne.
Auaritia.

I Couertyse am, The deuyll or hys dam,
for I am insacyare.

I leauyshand plucke, I drawe and I sucke,
After a weluysh rate.

Father nor mother, Syster nor brother,
I spare not in my moode.

I feare neyther God, Vice hys ryghtfull rod,
In gatheringe of goode.

Both howse and medowre, from the poor wydewe,
I spare not for to take.

Ryght beyres I rob, And as bare as Job
The faterles I make.

With me toke Iladab, Ilabal and Alhab,
With all the clergye of Bell.

Judas and Biesi, with the sonnes of heli,
And the sonnes of Samuel.

Jannes and Jambres, Also Diotrephees,
Wronghe wylfull wyckednesse.

So ded Menelaus, with false Andronicus,
And all for Couetousnesse.

Ambitio.

With vyses seuen, I close vp heauen.

xxxv



Actus tertius.

And speare vp paradyce.

I open hell, By my counsell,
Mayntynge euery wyce.

Avaritia,

Forsynter and golde, with falsched Tholde,
Supportyng euery euyl.

I haue it mawe, for to chose the lawe,
And bryng all to the deuyl.

Infidelitas,

By the blessed trynyte, vio men more syt for me,
To do my busynes.

Ambycyon to begyle, And Amaryce to defyle,
The lawe of Moyses.

Tell me first of all, what wylt thou do Ambycyon.

Ambitio.

I am thyne swone chylde, thu knowest my dysposycyon,
I wyl sure do, as ded the Phylstyres.

Infidelitas.

Why, what ded those knaues?

Ambitio,

They stopped vp Ibrahās pytres, as Genesis disfines
With mudde & with myre, & left them full uncleane

Infidelitas.

By that same practyse, tell me what thu dost meane;

Ambitio,

With fylthy gloses, and dyrty exposycyons,

Of Godslawe wyl I hyde, the pure dysposycyon,

The eye of knowledge, I wyl also take awaye,

Mosch lex corrupta!

By meatyng the text, to the scriptures sore decaye.

Infidelitas.

And what wylt thou do, my fellowe Covetousnes?

Auaritia.

I rayle wyll I spide, vpon the face of Moses,
That no shal percyue, the clerkes of hys cōtraunce,
Whiche is of the lawe, the meanyng & true ordynance
Infidelitas.

Why, what wyll ye saye, vnto y^e ten cōmaundementes?
Ambitio.

We must poison them, with wyll workes & good intentes.

Where as God doth saye, No strange goddes ih
Shalt haue,
With Sayntes worshypynge, that clause we wyll
deprave.

And though he cōmaunde, to makno caruedymage,
For a good intent yet wyll we haue pylgrymage.
Though he wyll vs not, to take hys name in vayne,
With tradycyon yet, therunto wyll we constraine.

No Sabbath wyll we, with Gods worde sanctyfe,
But with lyppelabour, and ydle ceremonye.

To father and mother, we maye owe non obedynce,
Our religyon is, of so great excellencye.

Though we do noslēe, yet maye we heretykes haue,
If they wyll not sone, from holy scripture partie.

What thought it be sayd, Thu shalt donosomycacyb,
ye

Actus Tertius.

Yet wyll we mayntene, moch greater abhomynacyon
Thongh theft be forbyd, yet wyll we contynuallye,
Robbe the poore people, through prayer & purgatorye
God hath inhibyted, to geue false testymonye,
Yet we wyll condempne, the Gospell for heresye.

We shold not couete, our neybers howsene myfe,
Hys seruaunt nor beast, yet are we therin most ryse.
Of me make we swyne, by the drasse of our tradycyōs
And cause the[n] no thyng, to regard but superstycyōs.
As dog yes vntesonable, on most vyle carren fede,
So wyll we cause them, seke ydolles in their nede.

And alwayses their groude, shall be, for a good intē.
Infidelitas:

More myscheues I trove, the devyll touldenot inuest
Than yow two can do, by the Messe ye are alone,
Lyttle coulde I do, were ye ones from me gone,
To the corruptyng, of the lawe of Moyses,
Go forwarde therfor, in your deceiptfulnes.

Avaritia.

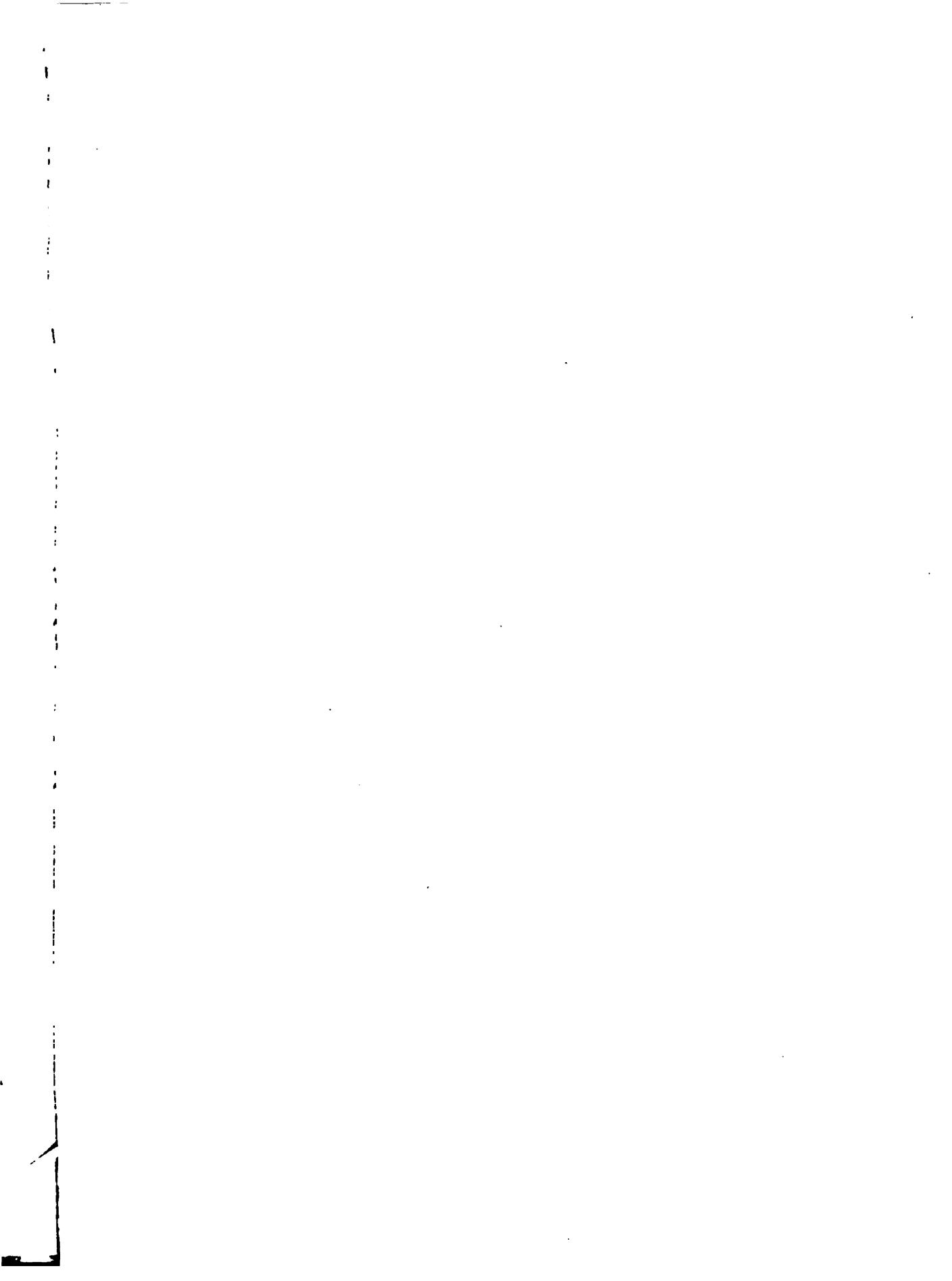
With superstycyons, the Jewes ceremonyall lawes,
I wyll so hādle, they shall not be woorh ii. strawes.
The lawes Judycyall, through careles and delayes,
I wyll also drowne, so all ryghteous menys decayes
To set thys forwarde, we must haue sophistrye,
Philosophye and Logyek, ascencyence necessarye.
The byshoppes must holde, their prestes in ignorance

¶ iiiij With

Mosch lex corrupta,
With longe latyne houres, least knowledge to them
chaunce.
Lete them haue lōge mattens, lōge euesonges & lōge
Masses.
And that wyll make them, as dull as ewer were asses.
That they shall never, be able to prophetye,
Or yet preach the truthe, to our great iniurye.

Lete the cloysteres, be brought vp ewer in silence.
Without the scriptures, in payne of dysobedycēce.
Se ihe laye people, praye never but in latyne,
Lete them haue their Crede, and servyce all in latyne
That, a latyne beleue, maye make a latyne sorle,
Lete them nothyng knowe, of Christ nor yet of powre

If they haue Englysh, lete it be for aduantage,
For pardons, for Syrges, for offrynges and pylgrys
māge.
I recken to make them, a newe Crede in a whyle,
And al in Englysh, their conscyōce to begyle,
Infidelitas,
Rehearse unto me, the Artycles of that Crede.
Avaritia,
The artycles are these, gene care and take good heed
First they shall beleue, in our holy father Pope,
Nextin his deccrees, and holy deccretals.
Then in holy churc̄h, with sticer, crosse and cope,
In the Ceremonys, and blessed Sacramētals.



Actus tertius.

In purgatory then, in pardons and in trentals,
In praynge to sayntes, and in saynt frāces whoode,
In our lady of Grace, and in the blessed roode.
They shall beleue also, in rellyckes and relygyon,
In our ladyes psalter, in fre wyll and good workes.
In the ember dayes, and in the popes remyssyon,
In beddes and in belles, not vsed of the turkes.
In the golden Masses, agaynst sech sprees and storkes
With charmes and blyssynges. Thys crede wylly dymme
ge in moneye.

In Englysh therfor, we wyl it Clarkely cōueye.

Infidelitas,

yea, and burne the knaves, that wyll not beleue that,
crede.

That into the dytche, the blynde the blynde may lede

Ambitio,

Then I holde it best, that we alwayes condempne,
The Byble readers, least they our actes contempne.

Infidelitas,

yea, never spare them, but euermore playe tē bytar,
Expressyng alwayes, the tropes and types of thy my-
tar.

Ambitio,

Why, what dest thou thynke, my mytar to sygnysy?
lufidelitas,

The mouth of a wolfe, and that shall I preue by & by,
If þu stoupedownewarde loo, se hom i he wolfe doth
gape.

Kedya

Moseh sex corrupta.

Redye to dewoure, the lambes, least any escape.
But thy woluyshnesse, by thre crownes wyll I hyde.
Makynge the a pope, & a captayne of all pryde.
That whan thu doest flee, soch as thy lawes contēpne
Thu mayst saye, Not I, but the powers ded them con-
dempne.

These Labels betoken the lawes of synon & can non
Ambitio.

I trowe thou woldest saye, the iij. lawes Cyuyle & Ca-

Infidelitas.

(non.

As I spake I thought, & styllythynke by saynt Johani
Yea, persecute stylly, the iustructers of the people.
And thu Courteousness, leteno bell ryngc i steeple,
Without a profyght. Tush, take moneye every wheare
Sorygh clyppe and shauie, that thu leave never a

Auaritia.

(heate)

I caused the pope, to take but now of late,
Of the Graye fryres, to haue canonyzate,
Franciscus de pola, thre thousād duckates and more,
And as noch besydes he had not longe afore,
For a Cardynall hatte, of the same holy order,
Thus drawe we to vs, great goodes frō every border.
Pope Clement the sevēn h payed ones for his papacye
Thre hōdredthousād, good duckates of lawfule monye

Infidelitas.

I marnele how he, could come to somoch good.

Auaritia.

Yes, yes, by pollage, and by shedyng Christen blood.

Croſters



Actus tertius.

Crofers and myters, in Rome are good merchandyses
And all to lytle, to maynteyne their pompe and vyce.

Ambitio.

The pope for whoredom, hath in Rome and Viterbye
Of golde and syluer, a wonderfull substance yearlye
Tush they be in Englande, that moch rather wolde
to dwell,
Whores in their dyoceses, than the readers of Chri-
stes Gospell.

Infidelitas.

They do the better, for by the they maye haue profyght
As for the other, do trouble them daye and nyght,
Well, now steppe forewarde, and go do your busynes,
To the corrupryng, of the lawe of Moyses.

Avaritia.

Doubt not but we shall, make hym a crepple blynde.

Infidelitas.

Syngethen at our farwel, to recreate our mynde.

Finita cantinacula exeunt ambo.

Infidelitas.

Now am I left alone, And these, i. merchautes gone,

Their myshifes to conclude.

I thynke within a whyle, They wyll trappe & begyle

The worthy lawe of Jude.

Amby cyon first of all, With hys rytes bestiall,

wyll make the people swyne.

In drafte wyll he ihē lede, And with tradycyōs sedē

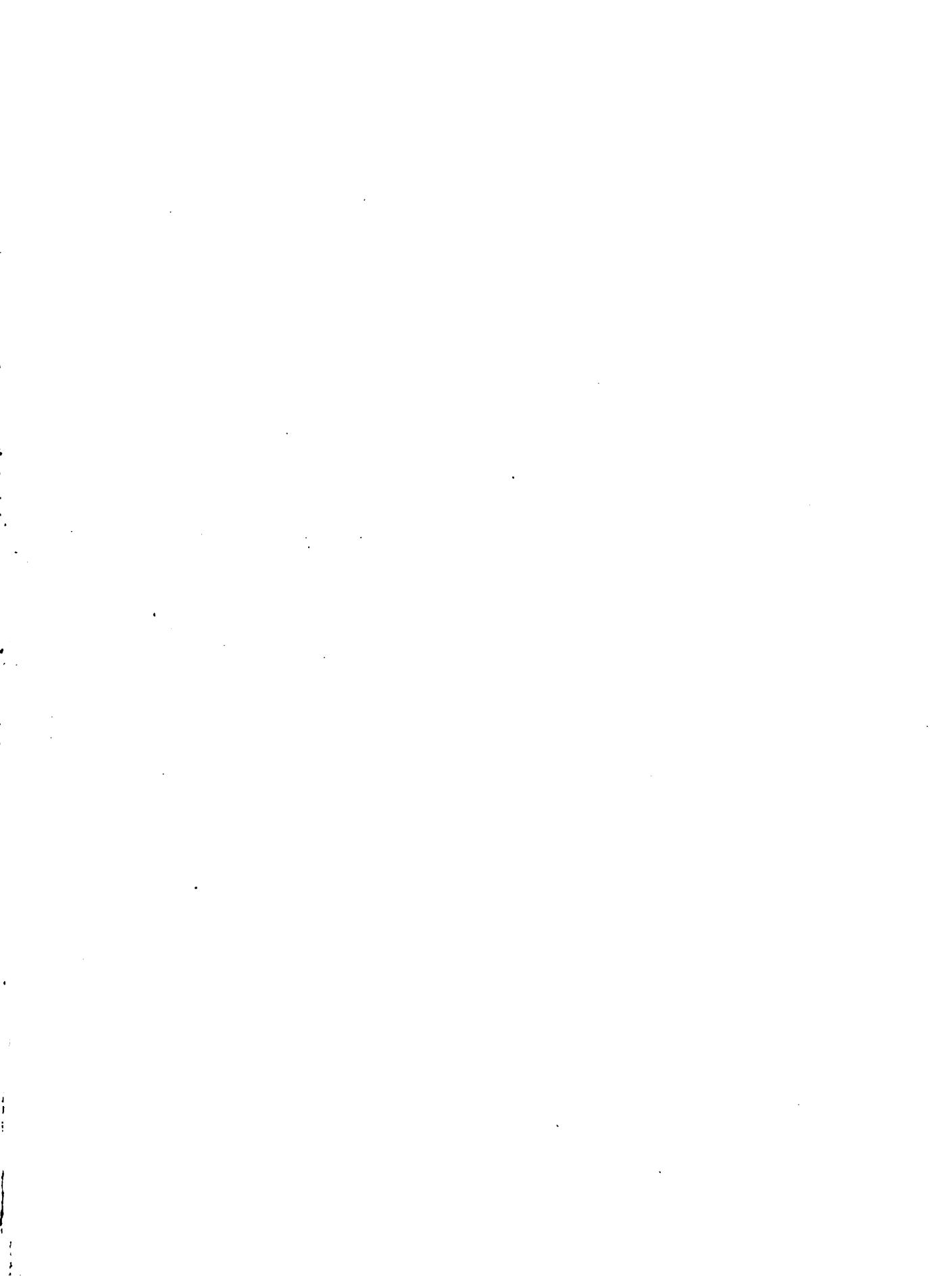
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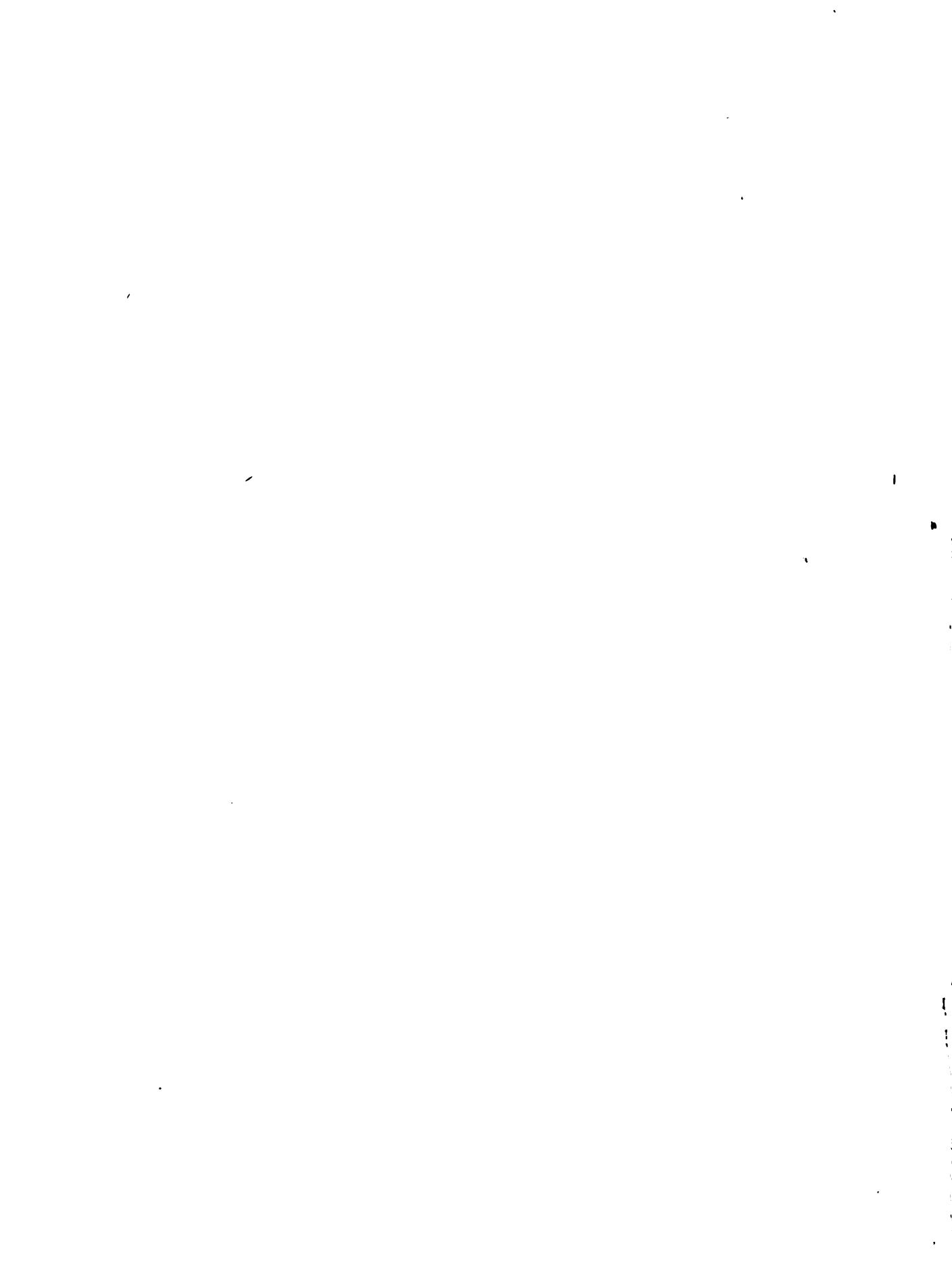
Mosch lex.corrupta;
Where they shall suppe or dyne;

Conecounnes wyll warke, That many one shall breste,
Lyke dogges agaynst the truch.
Some shall Godis wroide defyle, & some wyll it remyle
Sowb beastlynesse ensuch.

Ambycyon hath thy houre All the whols spiryuall,
ponre
And maye do wher hym lust.
Now coneconesse dorh rule, And hath both horse &c
mule,
All marters by hym dyscast.
Now byshopryckes are solde, & the holy ghost for gold
The pope dorh bye and sell.
The truch maye not be tolde, vnder paynes manyfolda
With sendynges downe to hell.
The people prestes do semys, And their goodes st. them rawysh.
Yrs, and all the worlde they blynde.
All prynces do they mock, And robbe the sillye flocke
Not hynge they leue behynde.
On the face of Moyse, A vayle they have cast downe
ghelcs.
The lyghte of the lawe to hyde.
Least we to Christ shuld come, fro ceremonyes done
As to their heavenly gyde.
The lawe can never be, at anye lyberte;

Where,





Actua tertius,

Where soch two enemyes raigne,
Now is it tyme to walke, of thys more wyll I talkes
whan I come hyther agayne.

Mosch ix.

Exit.

If pytie maye moue, your gentyll chrissten hartes,
Lete it now sturre ye, to mourne thys heauye chasice,
Two enemyes with me, haue played most wycked par-
tes.

And lefft me starke blynde, God knoweth to my sore
grenaunce,
And I thynke also, to your more hynderaunce:
To leade yow to Christ somryme, a gyde I was,
Now am I so blynde, I can not do it, Alas.

Most rygorouslye, those enemyes now of late.
Hed fall vpon me, and spoyle me of my syght.
One was Ambycyon, whch euer ought mo hate,
And Cowerousnesse, the other enemye hyght.
Now forsoth and God, in their most cruell spyght,
The one made me blynde, the other madem lame,
And whā they had done, therat they had great game

Thus a blynde crypple, I wander here alone,
Abydynge the tyme, and grace of restauracyon,
By the sonne of God To whom I make my mane,
My cause to pytie, and graunt me supportacyon,
Least I be left here, to vtter desolacyon,
And extreme decaye, without any remedye.

36

pri

Moseh lex corrupta.

If he ded not helpe, of goodnessse and of mercye,

Yeechrissten prynces, God hath geuen yow the poure,
With scripture and swerde, all ryces to correct.
Let not Ambycyon, nor Couetousnesse devonre,
Your faythfull subiectes, nor your offycers infect.
Hauie to your clergye, a dylygent respect
And se they do not corrupt the lawes of God,
For ihat doth requyre, a terryble heauye rod.

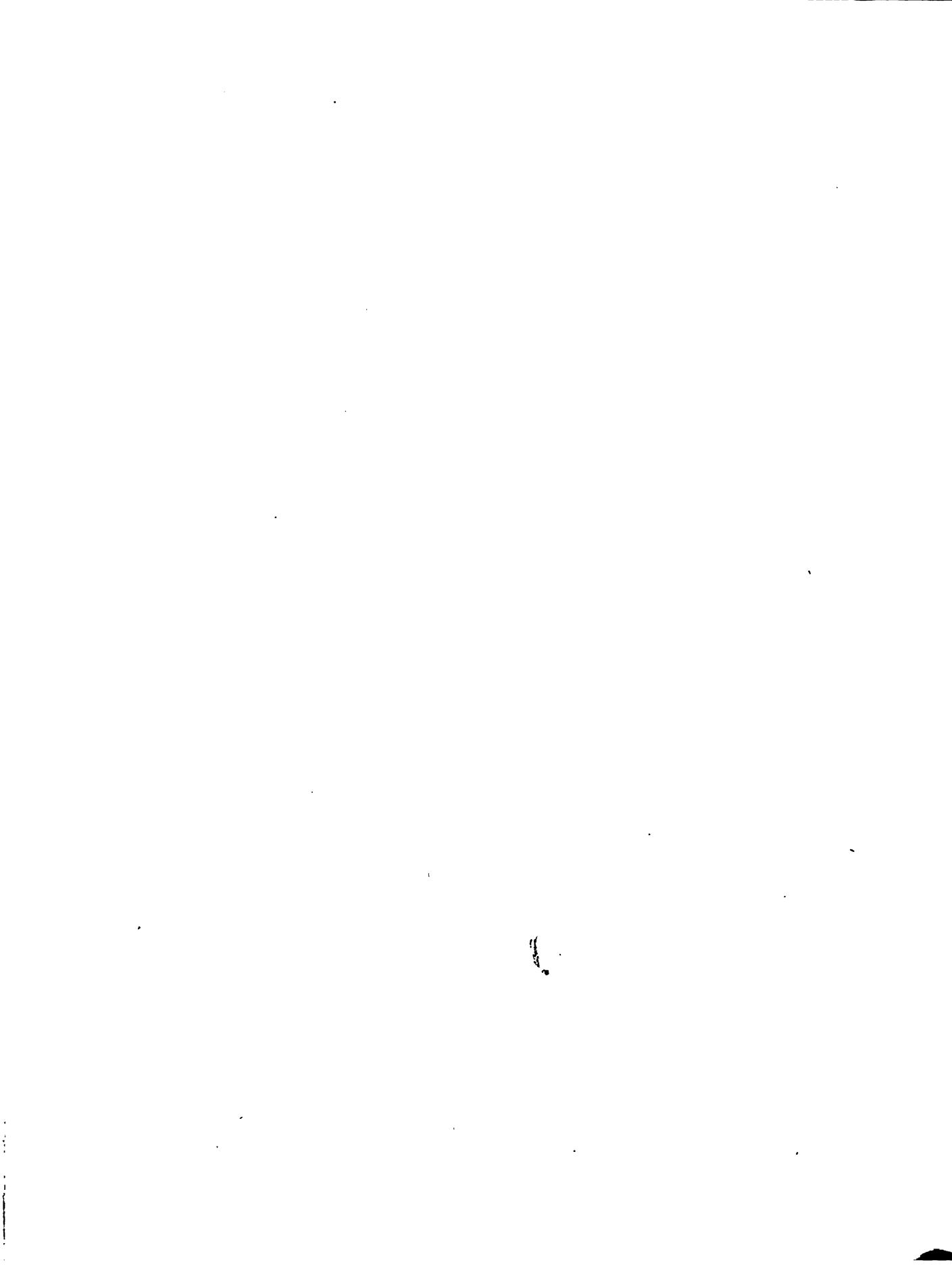
God gaue me to man, and leſt me i tables of ſtone,
That I of hardenesse, a lawe ſhuld ſpecyfye,
But the pharyſees, corrupted me anone,
And toke frō me cleane, the quiuernesse of bodye,
With clerenesse of syght, & other pleaſures manye.
Now wyll I to Christ, that he maye me reſore,
To more perfeccyon, than euer I had afore.

Finit Actus quartus.

Incipit Actus quartus.
Euangelium.

Vifaythfulleneſſe hath corrupted every
Lawe,
To the gret decaye, of Adams poſte
rye.
Were it noſt for me, whiche now doſ
hyther drawe,
All fleſh wolde periysh, no man ſhuld ſaued be.

3am





Actus quartus,

I am Christes Gospell, and infallyble veryte,
Sod h power of God, as sauer h all that beleue,
No burden no yoke, i hat any man wyl greue.

In the bloude of Christ, I am a full forguenesse,
Wher fayth is groundid, with a sure confydence.
I am soch a grace, and so hygh tydnynges of gladnesse,
As rayse the synner, and pacfyfe hys consyencie.
I am sprete and lyfe, I am necessarye scyence.
I acquyre burlouc, for manys iuyisfycaryon,
With a sayth in Christ, for hys helth and saluacion,
In side itas.

Gods beneson haue ye, it is ioyc of your lyfe,
I haue hearde of ye, and of my mastres your wyfe,
Euangeliū,

If thuh eardest of me, it was by the voynce of God.
Infidelitas

Vlaye, he that spake of ye, was sellynge of a Cod,
In an oyster bote, a lytile beyondre quene hythe,
A northen man was he, & besought ye to de blythe,
Euangeliū,

If he spake of me, he was some godly preacher,
Infidelitas.

Vlaye set by the roode, nor yet a wholsom teacher,
Euangeliū,

Aster what maner, ded he speake of me? tell,
Infidelitas.

Be woe lyke a man, by all cōtentees of the Gospell
He

Mosehlex,corripes,
He swore and better swore,yea,he dedsware & swore
are a gayne.

Euangelist,
That speakeyng is soch,as procureth eternall payne.
Wyll not the people,leue ihat most wycked,folyez
And it so dampnable! To heare it,I am sorye.
But what dedyst thou meane,whā thu spakst of my
wyse?

Infidelitas,
Norhyng,e but I thought,it wa aoye of your lyfe,
That ye were so good,to yourneybers as ye are.

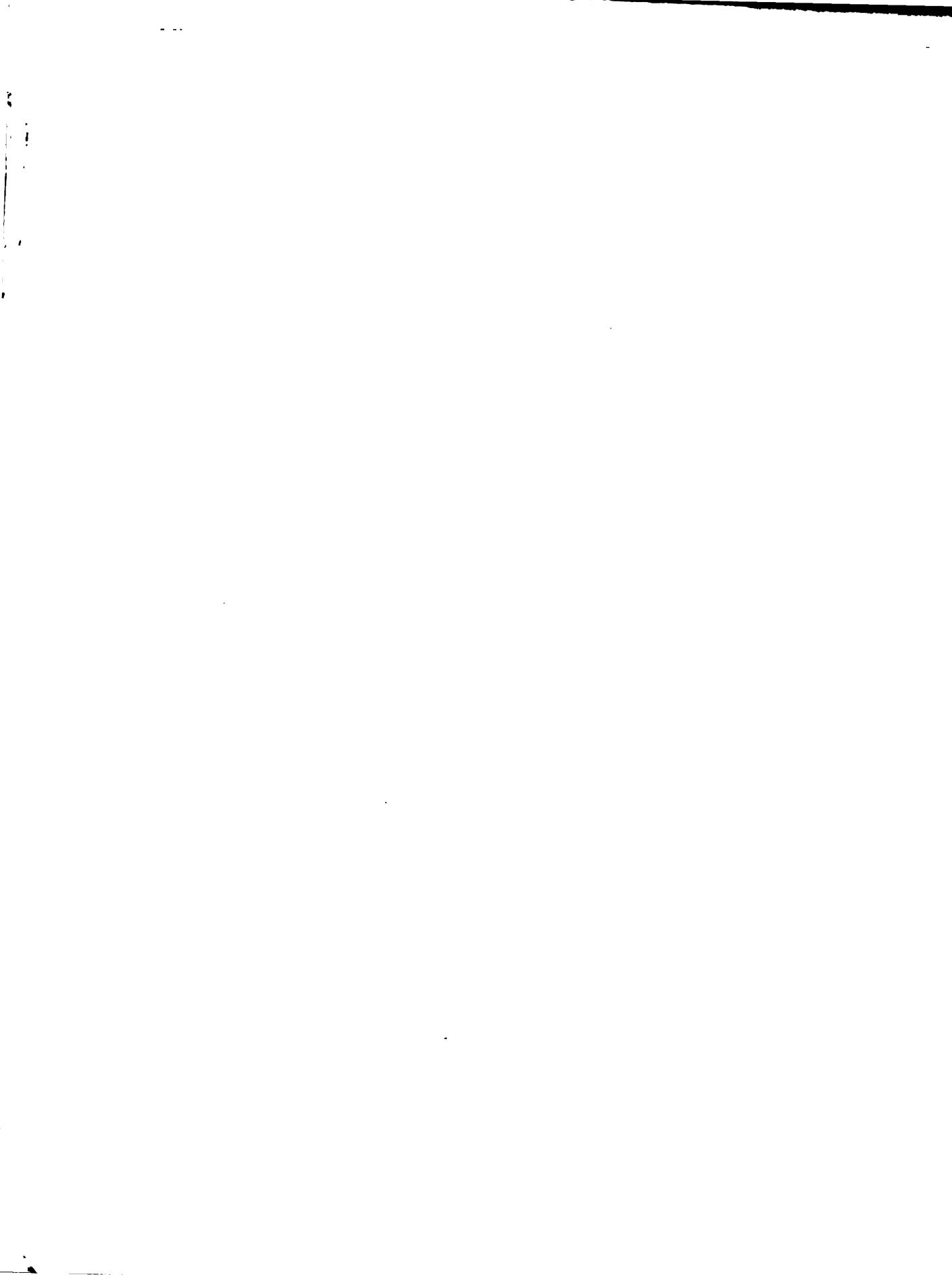
Euangelist,
Why,how good am I? thy fantasye declare.
Infidelitas,

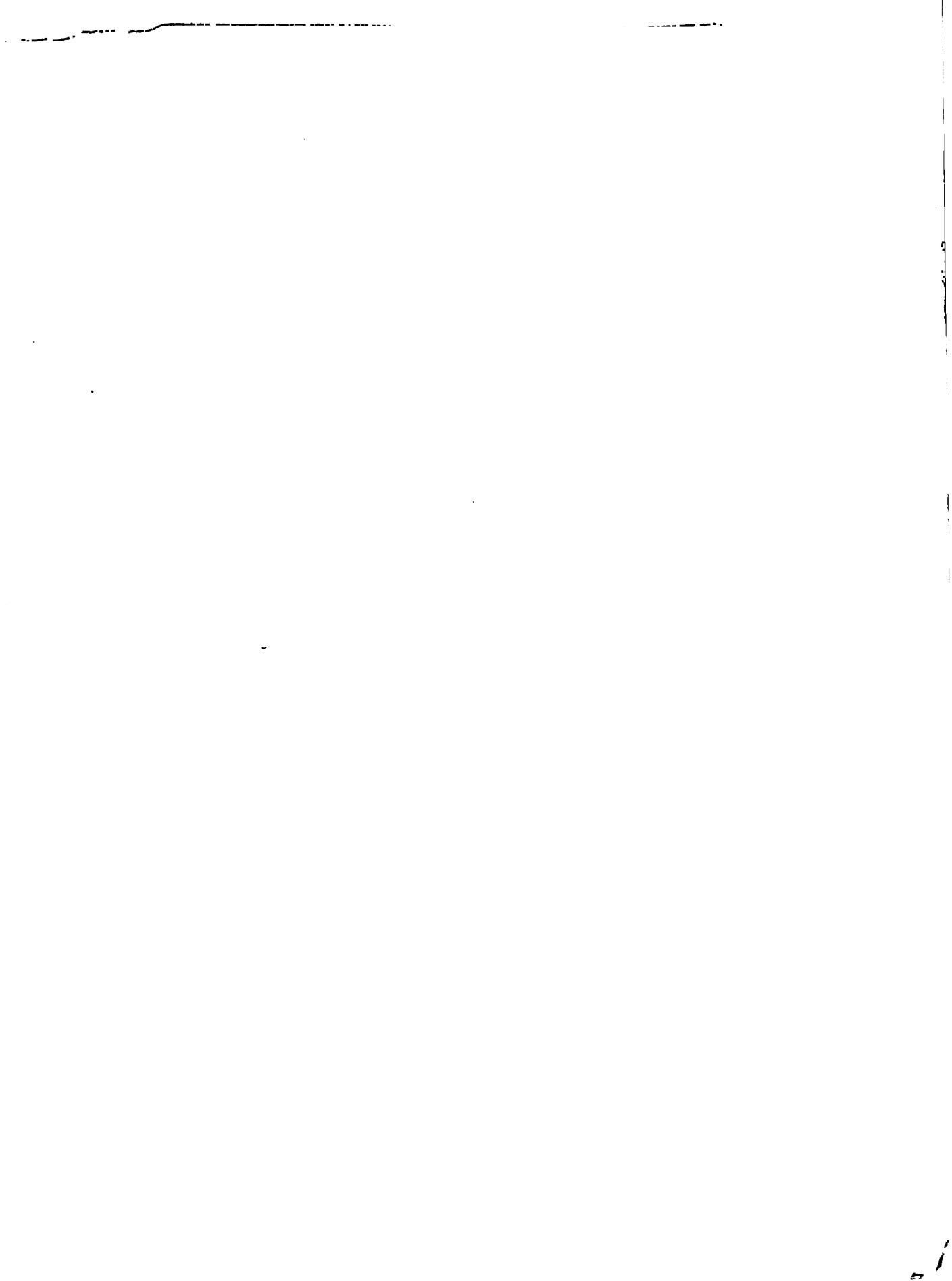
Get easē them amoneg,if it be as I heare,
Whan ye are a biaode,there is fyn myry cheare.

Euangelist,
Bis thu art,thy speakest,after they hartes abundance
For as i he man is,soch is hys viteraunce.
My wys is the churche,or christen congregacyon,
Regenerate in sprete,doyng no vyle operacyon,
Both cleane and holy,without eythers spot or weyncke
The lambe with hys bloude,ded her wash & bespryng
cle.

Thys is not the churche,of dysgyyd hypocrytes
Of apys shauelynges,or papystycall sodemyrea.
Nio: yet as they callit,a temple of lyme and stone,
But,alwyyls buildyng,grounded in foych alone.

On





Actus quartus;

On the harde rocke Christ, whiche is the sure foundas
cyon.

And of thyss church some, do reigne in every nacyon,
And in all contraynes, though their nombre be but small
Infidelitas,

Their nombre is soch, as hath rone ouer all
The same Danes are they, men prophecy of playne,
Whiche shuld enver reine, thyss realme yet ones agayne.

Euanuelii,

What Danes speakest thu of: thy meanyng shewe
Infidelitas, (more clerlye.)

Dane Johan, Dane Robert, Dane Thomas, and Da
ne Harrye.

These same are those Danes, that laye with other
menys wyues.

And occupyd their lades, to the detryment of their ly
ues.

These are accounted, a great part of the churche,
For in Gods scruyce, they honourablye wuche,
Nellynge and cryenge, tyll their thrones are full sore.

Euanuelii

That churche was descrybed, of Esay longe afore.

Thys people (sayth God) with ther lyppes honour me
In vayne worshyp they teachyng menys fatuyte.

Apparaunt is that churche, and open to the eyes,
Their worshypynge are, in outwarde ceremonyes.

That conterfet churche stadelth al by menys tradycyon
Without the scriptures, and without the herkes af
feccyons.

Christis lex corrupta

My church is sacrete, and euermore wyll be,
Idorynge he farther, in sprete, and in rechte.
By the weide of God, i hys Church is ruled only,
And doth not consist, in outwarde ceremonye.
Thys congregacyon, is the true Churc mytasse
Those conterset desardes, are the very Churc mys-
lygnant.

To whom Churc wyll saye, I knowe nō of your sor.
Inuidelitas.

Whos are they to blame, that ther bretherne so report
Euangeliu,
Sowch are nobretherne, but enemyes to Christes blode.
As put salvacion, in shauen crowne, mytar, or whode.
Infidelitas.

I fayeye how lōge, haue your swete spouſe cōtyned
Euangeliu

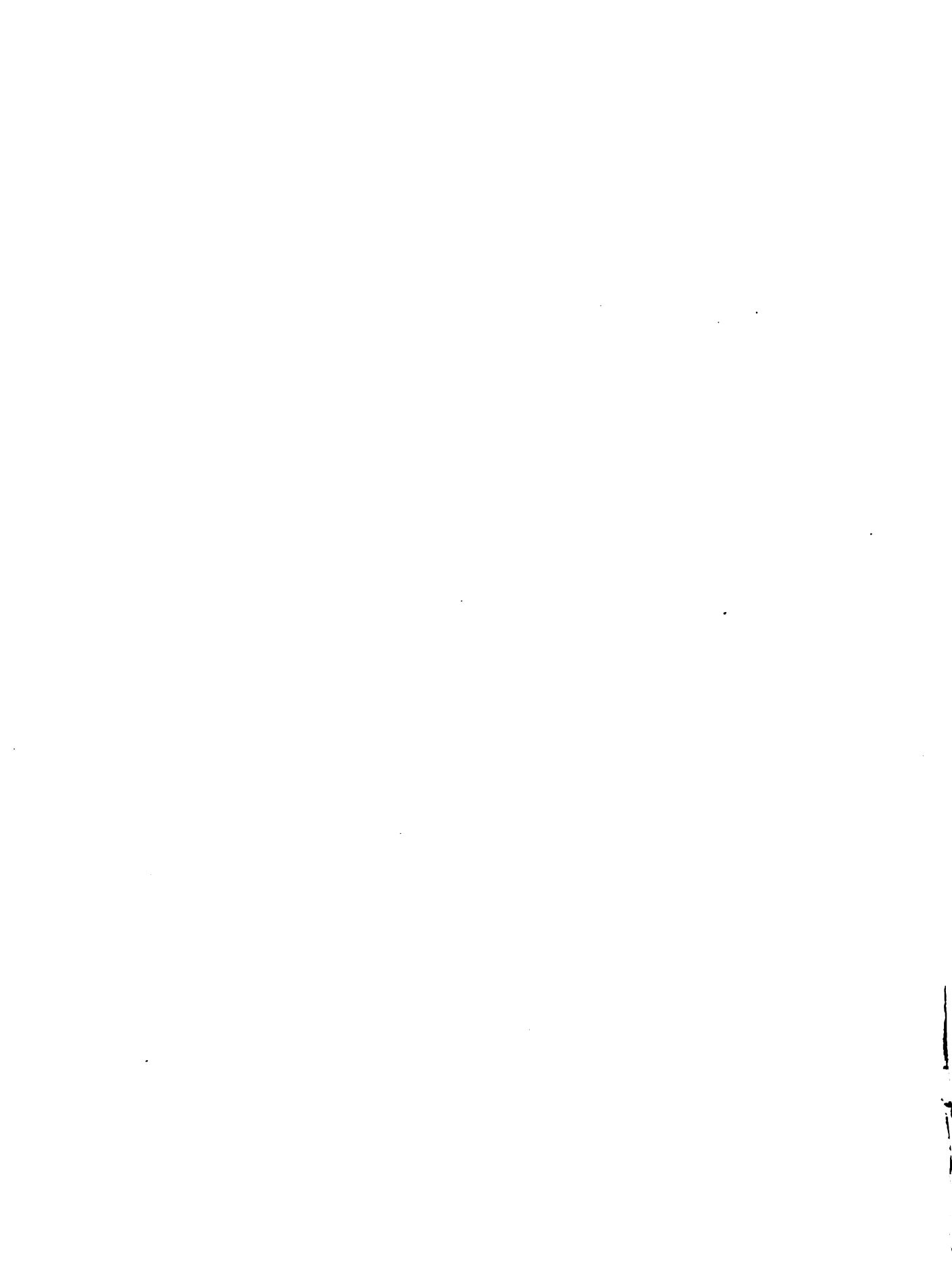
Sens the begynnyng, and now is in Christ renued.
Adam had promyſe, of Christes incarnacyon,
So had Abraham, with hys whole generacyon.
Whyd das unto them, a preachyng of the Gospell,
Into salvacion, and delyuerance from hell.

Infidelitas

By thys tyme I hope, ye haue a fayre increase!
Euangeliu

She is not barren, but beareth and never cease.
The Corintheſ first epiftle, hath thys clere testymony
In Christo Iesu, per Euangelium vos genui.
I haue before you, in Iesu Christ, sayth powle,

By the



Actus quartus

By the Gospel preachyng, to the cōfōrt of ynt ſowle
Infidelitas.

Than are ye a cuckolde, by the blessed holy masse,
As I ſayd afore, ſo cometh it now to paſſe.
For I am a prophete, by hygh inspiracyon led.
Now lyke I myſelf, moch better than I ded.

Ye ſayt that ſaint paule, begate your wyſe with chylde
Euangelium de

By myſunderſtādyng, thu art vngraciously begylde
A only mynster, was paule in that ſame doyng,
That he therin ded, was by the Gospell preachyng.
Hys mynde is the Gospell to haue done yt operacyon
And thys muſt thou holde, for no carnall generacyon
Infidelitas.

Marry ſo they ſaye, ye fellowes of the neweltryng,
Forsake holy church, and now fall fast to wywyng,
Euangelium,

Vlaye, they forsake whoredome, with other dāpnable
vſage.

And lyue with their wyues, in lawfull mariage,
whyls the popes oyled swarne, raigne styl, in their
Infidelitas. olde buggerage

Yea, poore married men, haue very moch a do,
I coulde hym wyſest, that can take a ſnatche and to ge
Euangelium,

Thy ſemest one of them, that deferſteth matrimonye,
Whych is afore God, a ſtate bothiust and hollye.
Offordy as thou art, ſaint paule ded propheccye,

Christi lex corrupta.

By the holy Ghost, hat a serten compane,
In the latter dayes from the truthe of God shuld fall
Aitundynge to species, of errour dyabolycall.

Whiche in hypocresy, wyll reache lyes for aduantage,
With marred consciences, inbybytyng marriage.
Thou artest by thy stites to be Infydelite.

Infidelitas,

I am non other, but even the very he,
And hiher now come I, to cumen the matter with ye
Euangelium,

Anoyde cursed synde, and get the out at the gates.
Infidelitas,

Vaue first wyll I serue ye, as I lately serued your ma
And her wiill I not, for thys place is for me:
Who shuld here remayne, but Infydelite?

Euangelium,

Well, than for a tyme, I must depart from hens,
But thys first wyll I saye, before thys andyens.
Easyer wyll it be, concernyng ponnysment,
To Soem and Gomor, in the daye of iudgement,
Than to those cyties, that resist the verite,
At the suggestyons, of Infydelite.

That people wyll be, for euer and euer lost,
For in the great synne, agaynst the holy Ghost.
In the olde lawe first, the fader hys mynde exprest,
Than came hys sonne Christ, & made it more manyfeste,
And now the holy Ghost, is come so close vp all,



Actus quartus

If he benot heard, extreme dāpnacyon wyll fall.
No prayer remayneth, nor expyacyon for synne,
To them that no profyght, of the wordc of God wyll
wynne.

Take good hede therfor, & sayer that ye haue warnynge
Infidelitas,

Exit.

God sende your mother, of yow to haue a fondelyng.

By ihe mase I thynke, he is wele out of he waye,
Now wyll I contryue, the dryft of an other playe.
I must werkis soch wayes, Christes lawe maye not con-
tynue,

In a whyle am I lyke, to haue non clis of my retynue,
Companyons I want, to begynne thys tragedye,
Vianely false doctryne, and hys brother hypocresye,
They wyll not belonge, I suppose now verelye,
By cockesowle me thynke, I se soch a cumpayne.
Hem I saye chyldren, wyll not my voyce be heardes
As good isa becke, as is a dewe vow garde.
By my honestie welcome, myne owne cōpanyons both.

Pleudodctrina.

Intranc.

Thushalt sene haue, a lyury of the same cloth,
Gramercyes by God, my olde frynde In sydelyte
hypocrisia.

What, brother snyp snap, how go the weide with the?
Infidelitas,

What, fryre flyp flap, how saye ye to, Benedicite
hypocrisia.

Marry no thyng but well, for I cryenow aduañage

E ii

Infia

Christilex corruptus
Infidelitas.

At her purse or arse, tell me good fryre succageſ

Hypocrisis.

By the Messe at both, for I am a great penitentſar,
And ſyt at the pardō, Tufh, I am ſc popes owne vycar
If thi lackeſt a pecc, I knowe where thi mayſt be
ſped.

With coyſe of a ſcore, & brought enen to thy bed.

Pſeudodoctrina.

Art thou not aſhamed, to talke ſolyke & knauieſ

Hypocrisis.

No, for it iſ ſoſch gere, as the holyeſt of vs wyll haue,
Pope, Cardynall, bÿ ſhop, mōke, chanon preſt & fryre,
Nor one of ye all, but a woman wyll deſyre.

Pſeudodoctrina.

Our orders permyt vs not, to haue them in marriage

Hypocrisis.

No, but ye ſarcke them in, by an other carryage.

We do euēn as we do, we both are of one rate.

Infidelitas.

By the Messe I laugh, to heare thys whoreson prate

Pſeudodoctrina.

What faſhyon vſe ye, to vs here intymate.

Hypocrisis.

Ego diſtinguo, whether ye wyll haue lyons or parys.

Pſeudodoctrina.

Oſ them both to ſhewe, it wyll not be farre amyſ.

Hypocrisis.

Actus quartus.

In partys we haue, the martell of Saynt Iewes,
Whiche women seke moch, for helpe of their barenes,
For he it oneslayd, vpon a womans bellye,
She go thens with chylde, the myracles are feane
there daylye.
And besydes all thyis, ye wolde maruele in confessyon,
What our fathers do, to assyle them of transgressyon

Johan Thessecclius, assyled a yonge woman ones,
Behynde the hygh auiter, tyll she cryed out of her
bones,
And as for lyons, there is the length of our lorde,
In a great pyller. She that wyll with a coerde,
Be fast bounde to it, and take soch chaunce as fall,
Shall sure haue chylde, for within it is hollowe all.

Tush, I coulde tell ye, of moch more wondre thā this,
In course to heare them, I thynke ye wolde yeblye.
Pseudodoctrina.

As thu hast begunne, go forwarde in it and tell.
Infidelitas.

Soch a knave I suppose, is not from hens to hell.
hypocrisis

In our relygyon, was an holye popys patryarke,
Whiche of all bawdrye, myght be the great monarke.
The nōnes to confesse, he went from place to place,
And two hōdred of them, he broached in that space.
Many spycys he eate, his currage to priuoke.

Lij Sog

Christilex corrupta,

Soch a fellowe was he, as of that gerte had the stroke.
Pseudodoctrina

Now somewhat wyl I tell, to cōfirme thy tale withall
In kyng ferdynād's tyme, in Spayne was a Cardynall
Petrus mendosa, was the verry man that I meane,
Of lemans he had, great nombre besydest he quene.
One of hys bastardes, was earle, an other was duke,
Whom also he abused, and thought it norebuke.

Ioannes Cremona, an other good Cardynall,
For reformacyon, of the clergye spyrituall,
Came onesinto Englāde, to dāpne prestes matrymōnē.

And the next nyght after, wastake doyngē bytcherye,
Doctor Ectius also, whch scarcely came to dyspure,
In lipsia with luther, myndynge therchym to cōfute

Formarryage of prestys, thre chyldren had ihat yeare,
Bythys maye ye se, that sūryme we make mery cheare.

Infidelitas,

Marry that ye do, I shall beare ye recordenow.

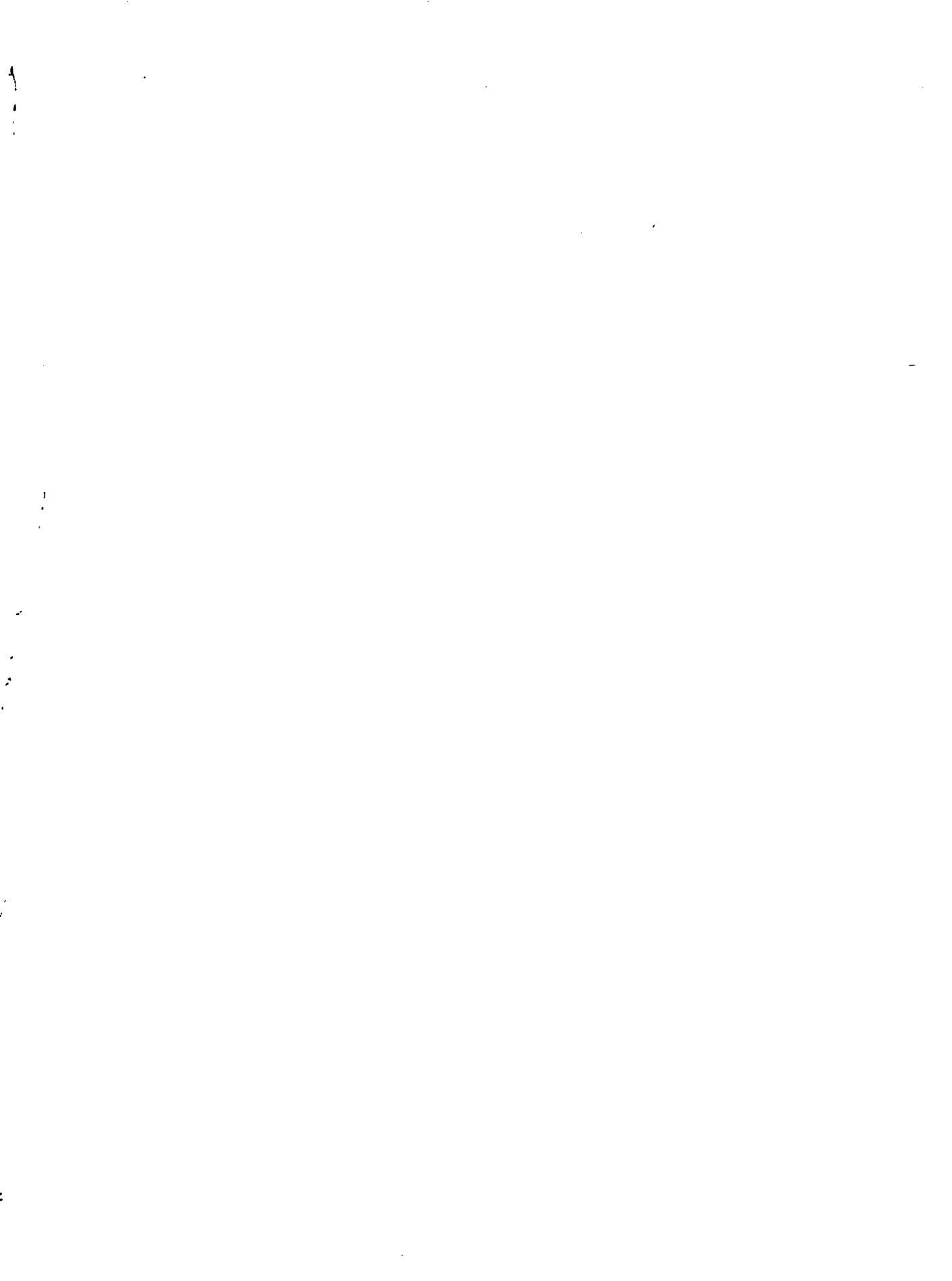
But how wylle answere, for breakyngē of your vowē?
Pseudodoctrina

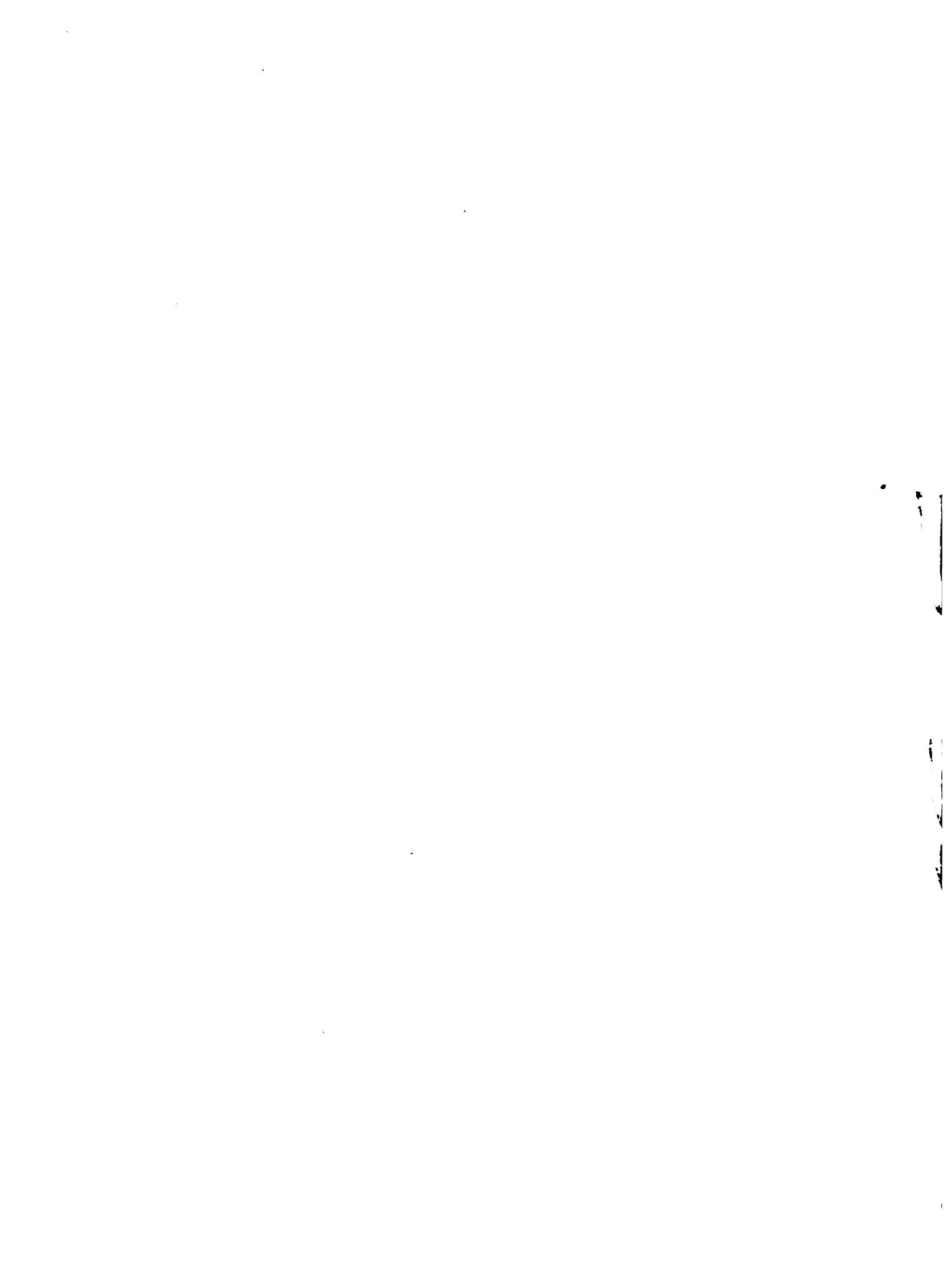
Weneuer breake vowē, so longe as we do not marrie,
Though we in whoredome be never so bolde & busye.

Infidelitas,

By your order than, ye maye walke moch at large.

What hast thou hypocresye? to laye for thy dyscharge.
Sayne





Actus quartus.

Hypocrisis.

Saint frances habyte, with ihe holy gyrdle & vphode,
Non can go to helle, that therin dye by the rode,
In case saint frances, be sure vpon their syde,
Als mayc they fortune, to be of their purpose wyde.
For Ireade of one, that shuld haue gone to the devyll
But the spretes of helle, could do to hym non awyll.

Tyll saynt frances came, & toldesto hym his cowle,
Then went he to helle, the fryres ded heare hym
howle.

I wyll therfor serue, S. Frances with here & mynde
With dayly memoryes, that he maye be my frysnde.
And than I care not, for all the devyls in hell,
That I have tolde you, is more true than the wospel.

Infidelitas,

Then are yemore sure, tha monkes for your heretage,
For ther landes are here, but ye clayme heauen sood
Pseudodoxina. (aduaantage.

It is icto them, a very plesaunt thyng,
Their abbor at home, to be called lord and kyng.

Infidelitas.

Playe, monke and choyle, for here is no kyng but one,
If he be a kyng, his mace is a mary bone,
And his crowne a cow toide. Soch knaves as come
from the cart,
Must be called kynges, for playenge a popyshe pare,

Pseudodoxina.

It becomenorth, the Romyshe popeso r; lorde.

Christi lex corrupta.

Consyderunge he is, the hyghest of the churche.

Infidelitas.

If he be the hyghest, han is he the wrother cocke,

Pseudodoxina.

Ah, now I percyue, thu art dysposed to mocke,
Of all holy churche, he is the pryncypall heade.

Infidelitas:

Marry that is true, he sendereth our bulles vndre lead
And he hath two keyes, the one to open hell,
The other speareth heaven, thus do newre heretykes
They report also, that dogges have no deuocyon, (tel
To hys holy lawes, nor to hys olde instruccyon.

Pseudodoxina.

Why shuld dogges hate hym? make that more cuius
Infidelitas. (denc.

They lone no pefo porrege, nor yet reade hearynges in
lent,

Stock fysh nor oysters, but curse hym body and bone,
And wolde hys reade spotties, & rotte fysh were gone
Cush, I hear them I, and that makerth me full sad.

Hypocrisia.

Wether thu doest mock, or else thu art sure mad.

Infidelitas

I hearre the people, complayne very moch of the.

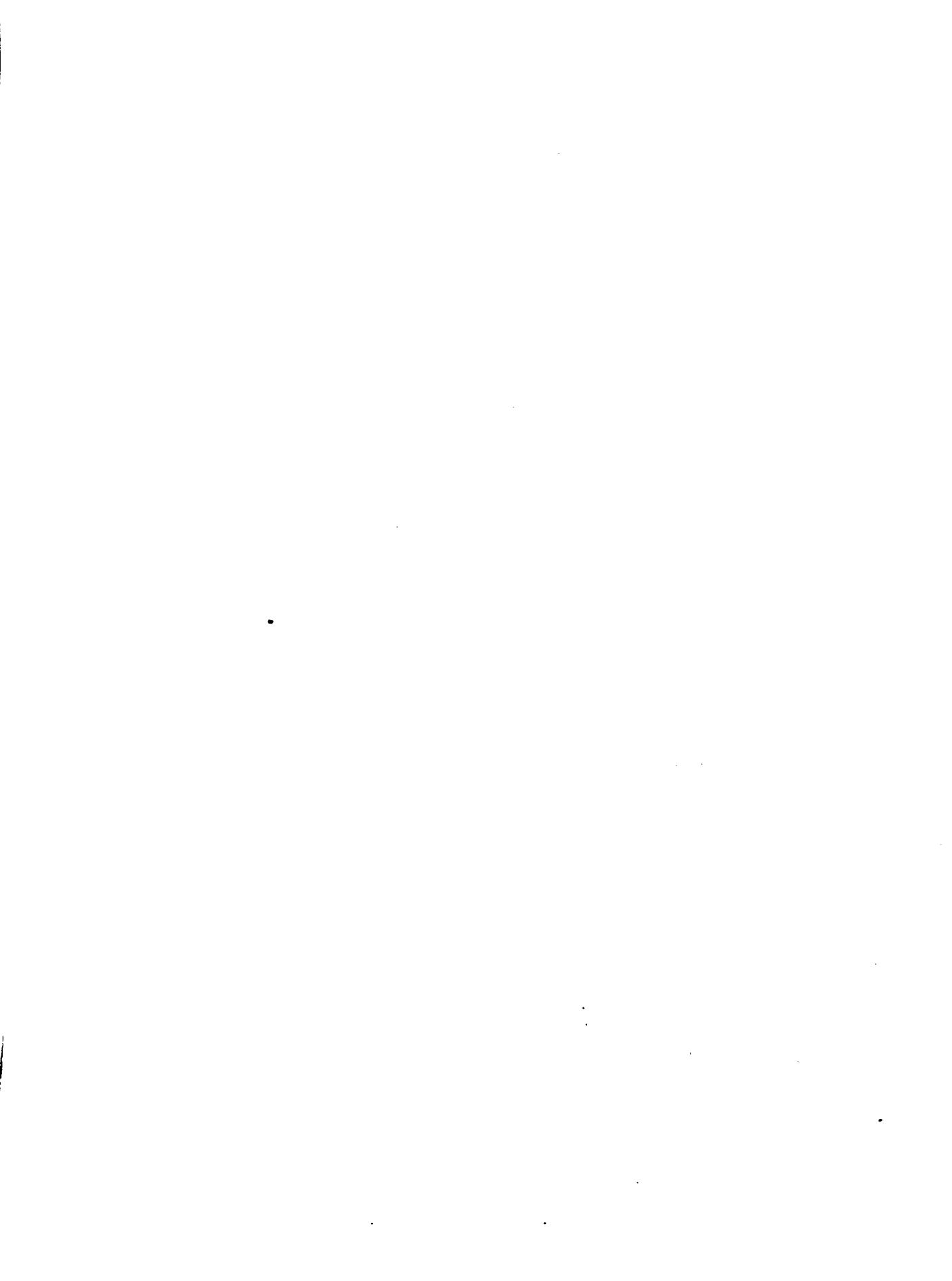
Pseudodoxina.

What is their praelinge, I praye the hartely tell me.

Infidelitas.

They say, thu teacheſt nothing but lowsy tradycion

2nd





Actus quartus;

And lyes for luere, with damnable superstycions;
And thus they conclude, y' the drasse of popys hysteres
Is good ynough for swyne, by whom they meane the
papistes.

Yea, and they saye also, the dyet of men is all,
To most vyle carren, the dogges wyll sonest fall.

Pseudodoctrina.

Than do they compare, the papistes unto dogges.

Infidelitas.

Marry that they do, & to soch swynys hoggis,
As in scyll & fosse, are brought vp all their lyfe.
Soch are the papistes, they saye both man and wifes.
They saye of the also, that thu art a nougry knave.
By prowlyng and lyeng, ye fryers wolde all haue.
Thyne order they saye, is spongē even out of hell,
And all thyss knowledge, they haue now of the Gospa

Hypocrisis.

Why, where is he now, I besy h̄e hartely tell. (pell,

Infidelitas

By the messe abroade, & I warāde ye make, h̄renell,
I commonded with hym, and he ded vs despysē.
Agaynst hym therfor, sumwhat must we denysē.

Pseudodoctrina.

Marry that must we, or els it wyll be wronge,
He wyll sure destroye vs, if we do suffer hym longe.
Vedes must we serue hym, as we ones served Chrest.

Infidelitas.

Whymad breyned whores, how ded ye hādle Chrest?

¶ v Pseudos

Christi lex corruptis.

Pseudodoxina.

As he preached here, we followed frō place to place,
To trappe hym in snare, and hys doctryne to deface.
Than founde we the meanes, to put hym so to death,
Least he a gaignst vs shuld open any more breath.
And we set foure knyghtes, to kepe hym downe in hys
grawe.
That he never more our lyuynge shuld deprave.

And thus must we serue, the Gospell, no remedye,
Als wyl he destroye, our lyuynge perpetuallye.
Better one were lost, than we shuld perysb all,
As Cayphas ones sayd, in counsell pharysaycall.

Infidelitas.

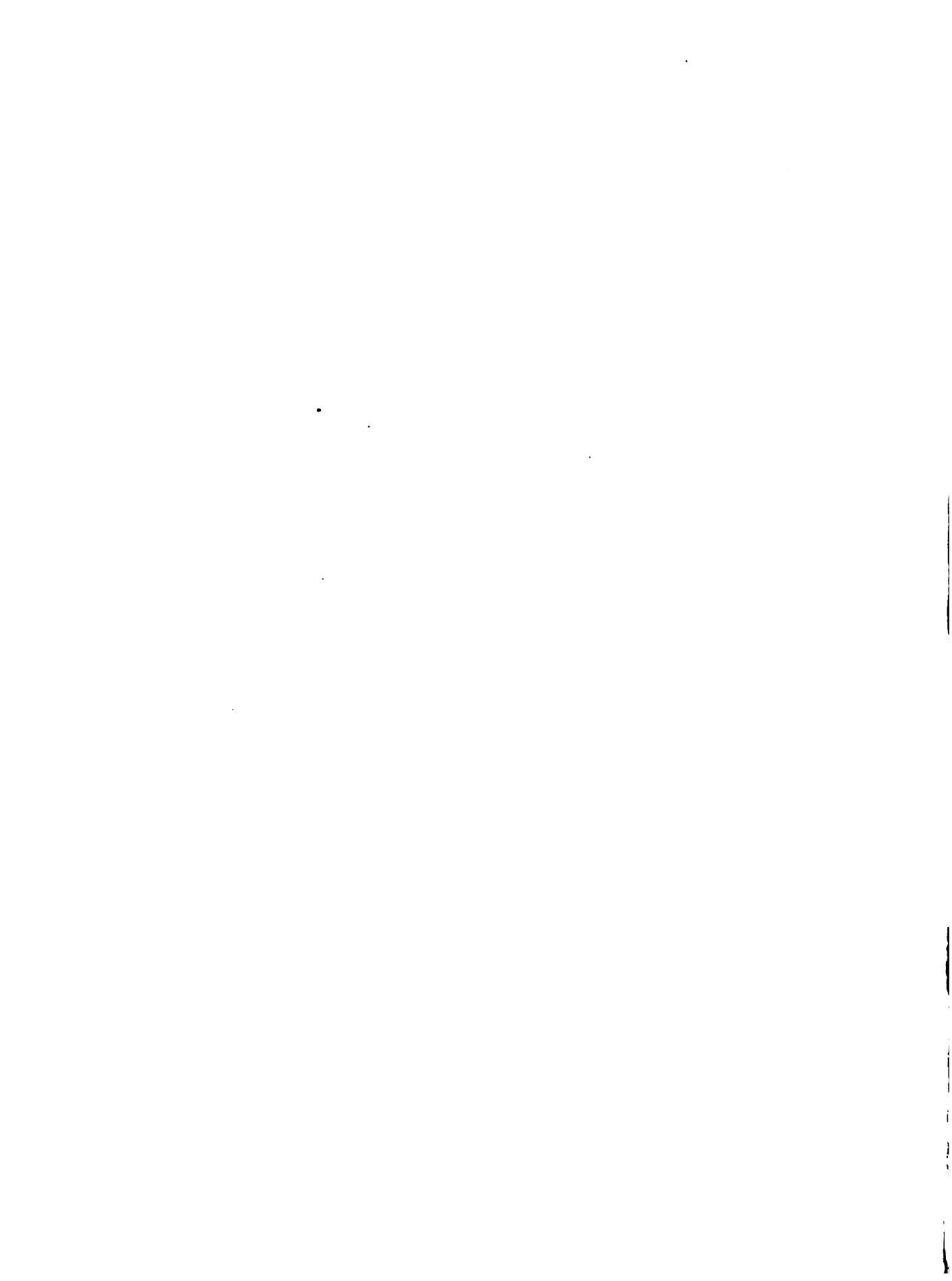
By God & weles sayd. Whā ye h̄ue hym i hys grawe,
Scāpe hym downe till he i hyte, & serue hym lyke a
Hypocryſis. knaue.
We must so ordre hym, that he go no more at large.

Pseudodoxina.

Foure knyghtes wyl we hyre, whō we shall streyghte
lycharge,
To kepe hym downe harde. Thē first are ambycyouse
pielates,
Then conerouse lawers, that Gods worde sp̄yghful
ly hates,
Lordes without lernyng, & iustyses vnyghfull.
These wyl kephym downe, and rappe hym on tho
scall.

Their





Actus quartus.

Ther someners & ther scribes, I marāde ye shal stres
With balyues and catchpolles, to holde hym downe
every where.

I rowe Rugge & Cober, At Morwych wyll do theire
part,

With wharton of Bongaye, and for my sake put hym
Hypoerysis. (to imar.

And I wyll rayse up, in the uniuersytes,
The seuen sleepers there, to aduaunce the popes deccrees
As Doibel & Duns, Durande & Thomas of Aquyn
The mestre of sentens, with Bachon the great deuyne
Hericus de Gadano. And these shall read ad clerū,
Pistole and Albert, de secretis mulierum,

With the cōmentaryes, of Juicen and Averore,
And a Phebo Phebe, whiche is very good for boyes.
lun. ieiunias,

Yea, and lete the pope, as Gods owne vycar here,
In hyshande thre crosses, & iii. crownes on hysshēad
here.

Hys power betokenyng, in heauē, in earth, & in hell
That he maye comauande, all kynges to subdine the

Pseudodoctrina. (Gospell.
Hysselfe maye do that, he nedē comauande nō other.
Is not he the head, of the holy churc̄h our mochere
Maye not he make sayntes, and deuyls at hys owne
pleasure?

Whiche hath in hyshēdes, the keyes & churches trea
So wele as he made, S. Bernā first a saynt. (sires
And twenty years after, of heresye hym attayns;

Christilex corrupta.

First he sent hym to heaven, by hys canonizacyon,
And from thens to helle, by an excommunycacyon.
We reade of Formosus, that after he was dead,
One pope hys syngars, an other cut of hys head,
And therwe hys carcas, into the floudc of Tyber,
With hys head & syngars, as Platines doth rember.

In token that he, is iudge over quyc & and dead,
And maye dampne & save, by hys pardons vndre lead,
Sylvester the secode, to the devyll hymself ones gave
For that hygh offre, that he myght dampne & save.
He offered also, hys stoncs to Sathan, they saye.
For prestes chastyce, and so went their marryage as

Hypocrisia. (waye.

Bere is one comyng, enquire what he intende.

Infidelitas.

Bar it is the Gospell, from hym God vs defende.

Pseudodoctrina. Ex secreto.

Show me brother myne, who ded the byther sende.

Euan gelium.

The father of heauen, of hys mere benyolence,

I desyre therfor, to have fre audyence.

Pseudodoctrina.

De mynde than to preache, afore thys cumpanye?

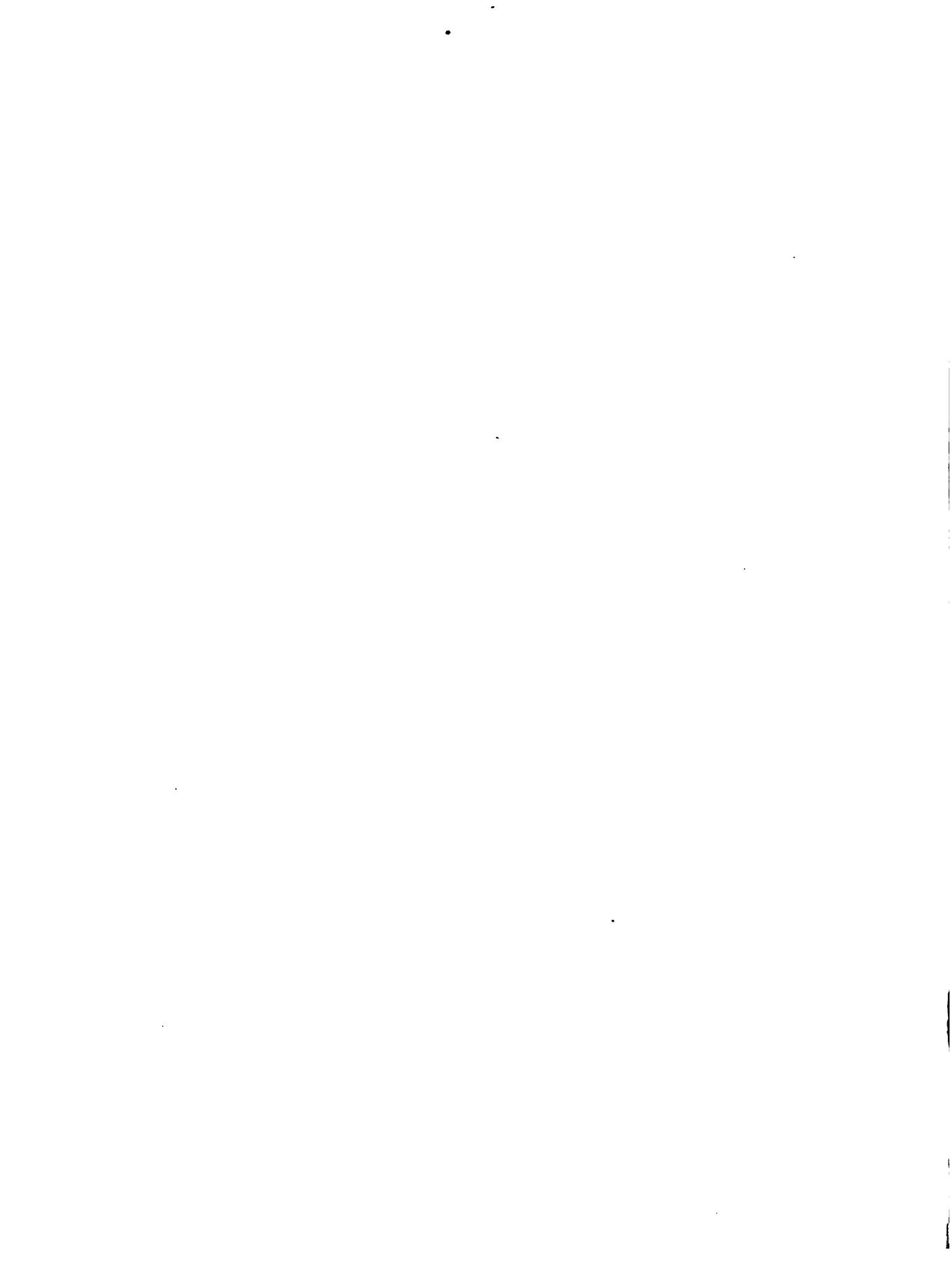
Euan gelium.

In the lawes of God, wolde I instruct the gladlye.

So non other waye, there is vnto salvacyon,

But the wrode of God, in every generacyon,

Thos



Actus quartus.

That myghtereth, that sauerth, ye bryngeth unto heaw
Before his death, Christ caught the Apostles alway.

Pseudodoctrina.

Preache here thou shalt not, without the auctorite,
Of popes byshopps, or of some of their affynite.

Euanueliun.

Gods wardenere taketh, hys auctorite of man.

Pseudodoctrina.

Thou shalt not here preache, do thou the best: thou can^d

Hypocrisie.

Gods blesyng on your good hart, it is spoken even

(like a man.

We knowe thys daye ser, we have a full holy feast,
And must go processyd, with the blessed rode of reaste.
We haue longe mactens, longe laudes, longe hours

longe pyyne.

Masse, euensonge, cōplyne, & all must be done i tyme.
Sensyng of the awters, & castynge of holy water,
Holy breade makynge, with other necessary matter.

Euanuelium.

Baue God commanidde, any soch thyngestobe donec

Pseudodoctrina.

What is that to the: go meddle thu with olde shone,
Canyst thu saye but they, are good sygnyscacions:

Euanuelium.

I saye they are frutes, of your ymagynacyons.

To bryng in lucre, & darken Gods hygh glorie,

Of

Christflex corrupts,

Whan yepiaye to me, I gene ye non attendaunce,
But auert my face(sayth God) & my costenaunce,
By thys ye maye se, that the lorde doth not regarde,
Your māgy mutterynge, neyher graunt it any rewarde
To mā wyllēh Paule, to speake in the congregacyon
In a straunge language, without interpretacyon.

In your latyne houres, the flocke do ye not consider,
But declare your selues, to be Romys hall to gydre.
Be not led about (sayth Paule) by any straunge lera-
nyng,

What else is your doctryne, but a blynde popysh thyng.
Be testysyfeth also, vlon enim ut baptizarem,
Misit me Christus, sed ut euangelizarem.

Christ hath not me sent, that I shuld bapteſe,
ſayth Paule. But



Actus quartus;

*But to preech hys wende, to he censour of malmyng
sovele.*

*Loo, thengh baptyme be, a thyng very necessarye,
Yet mustit geue place, to Gods wende, no remedye.
Why than prefere ye, your drassysb ceremonyes:
To the Gospell preachyng: O dampnable iniuryes,*

Hypocrisie.

Whysuffer ye hym, to prattle here so longe?

Pseudodoctrina.

Get the hens shertly, or with the it wyll be wronge.

Insidelaas.

Intrae.

*Peace be here & God, Maistre doctor, by your leave,
That I maye declare, a pardone here in my sleue.
Of our lady of Boston, Ingham, and saynt Johanes
nes starye,*

With the indulgence of blessed saynt Anthonye.

Pseudodoctrina.

Wele, take thy pleasure, and doit hardelye.

Hypocrisie.

*Syr, he doth me wroge for hys daye it is my axyon,
To preache my brotherhede, & gather my lymytacion.*

Pseudodoctrina.

*Who first speake first spede, steppe four hand reade
thy pardon,*

And whan he hath done, your course is fater warde

Evangeliū,

What course appoynt ye, for preaching of the Gospell

Pseudodoctrina.

Iwolde

Christiles costrups.

I wolde thy Gospell, & thu were both now in hell.
Euangeliū.

Why, & shall thy baggage, put by the word of God?
Pseudodoctrina.

Thu wylt nor be answered, tyll thou sele a sharper rod.
Infidelitas.

Good christen people, I am come hyther verelye,
As a true poctour, of the houre of saynt Antonly. ¶
Of cleane remyssyon, I haue brought ye indulgence,
A pena & culpa, for all your synne and offence.
By the autorite, of pope Leo & pope Clement,
Pope Bonysface, pope Pius, pope Johan & pope Inis
(nocenz.)

And here I blesse ye, with a wyng of the holy Ghost,
Fro thonder to sauyc, & fro spretes in every coost.
Lo, here is a belle, to hange vpon your hogge,
And sauyc your cartell, from the bytyng of a dogge,
So many as wyll come, to thys holy fraternyte,
Come paye your moneye, & ye shall haue letters of me
Pseudodoctrina.

Lete me haue a letter, for I wyll be a brother.
Hypocrisia.

Then geue me a belle, for I wyll be an other.
Euangeliū,

O dampnable leadynge, of Babylonicall sodomites,
Your sciuies ye declare, to be shamefull hypocrytes.
Lorde pytie thy people, and take away these gydes,
These scorners, these robbers, these cruell homycedes
Sod

Auctus quartus.

Such prophetes are they, as God dednener sende,
As Biere my say ih, they dampnable wayes pretende,

Mo hypocrytes wo, for here ye tryfle and mocke,
With chaffen people, & the kyngedō of heauē vplocke
Ye counte it a game, to lose that Christ hath bought,
With hyspreyouse bloud, & here most derely soughe
Thyc are wretches, and pestylent Antichristes,
Mynisters of Dagon, and most deceytfull papystes.

Lyke rauenouse wolues, poore wydowes ye denoure,
By tytyle of prayer, eternall dampnacyon is youre,
Your owne dreamesye folowe, but matter moch more
wayghrye,
Ye dono resteme, as iudgement faythe, and mercy.
Mo pharysees wo, ye make cleane ourwardlye,
But inwardesye are full, of coueteusnesse & bāudrye,

Paynted tumbes are ye, apryenge ryght bewryfull,
But within ye stynke, & haue thoughtes very, hame
full.

Re slewe the prophetes, your doynges yet bearc wyt
nessse,
How thynke ye to auoyde, that poynct of vnyrigheteous
nesse?
Ohragynge serpētes, and vyperouse generacyon,
How can ye escape, the daunger of dampnacyon?

Pseudodoctrina.

f

who

Christi lex corrupca.

Who made she so bolde, so medle with my eare
And teache newe lernyng? An heretyke art chis feres
If due scrinch were made, we shuld fynde the (Iehynke)
Euangeliū, (no pryst-
yes, annoynted of God, but no popys) Antichrist.
Pseudodoxina.

Lete me se, where are the letters of thy edecnes
Euangelium

Where Christ hys selfis, & not in these same boderes
No soch pryst am I, as is annoynted with oyle,
But the holy Ghost, for I am non of thys soyle.
Pseudodoxina.

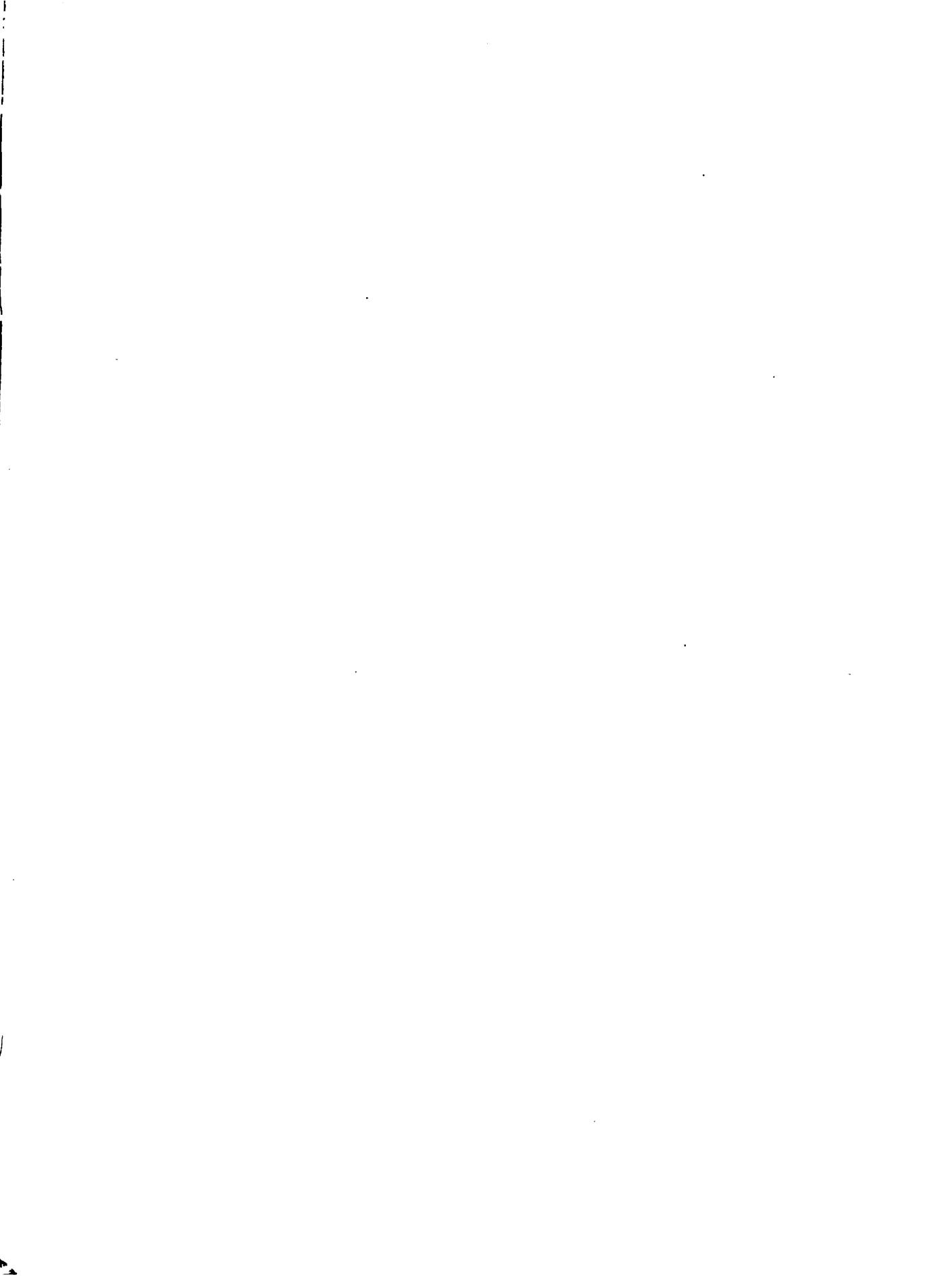
Here I attache the, for a busye scysmatyke.
And reyll the accuse, for an haynouse heretyke.
Laye handes upon hym, & depryue hym of thys esp
rell.

Hic veste spollarum sordidioribus induunt.

Lo, thus wyll I hadle, all they shall take thy querell
Holde iwaye with thys gerc, & laye it fowrthasyde.
hypocrisis.

Playe, carry brother myne, for awaie shalt chunes slyde
Euangeliū,
I am not goynge, why doest thou slander me?
Infidelitas,
Burne hym to as hea, and shewe to hym no perte.
Pseudodoxina.

Domes





A chrisquartis.

Bren shall he no be, if he wyl nomore do so.
Tellare how sayst thou wyl thare abutre or noe
Euangelium.

I wyl neyther abutre, nor yet recant Godes glorie.
Pleudodoctrina.

I offered the reason, and thereto thar wylt not applye,
Wele get the forewarde, for thar shal sture dye.
The romperell power, shal judge the to the fyre,
At our accusement, and holy religyouse desyre.

Euangelium.

Though now for my sake, impryson men cruellye,
Samysch them, stocke them, & them with sagges frye
Hurt me ye shall not, for I can never dye,
And they soy my sake, shall lyue perpetuallye.

Pleudodoctrina.

Here is a pratyngt, with a very vengeance hand,
Hypocrysis. Exeunt cum
Thy shortyble heretyke, now shal we well recompens
Infidelas.

Re, burne hym wele frye, and lete hym no longer
raygne,
Laye on grene sagrees, to pun hym to the more paine.

By the messe I langyd, to se how thyngere doth worke
He is lyke of the, to have nomore grace than a turke,
For such knaves they are, as a man shal not lightly
fynde,

Undrate hell over. Companyds they are to my mynde

Christi lex corrupta.

My busynesse all, is now at a good concusyon,
That I haue here brought these iiiij. lawes to confusyon
Vnde shall I be able, to lyue here peaceably,
And make frondyke therre, with hem how frysta Bolyc.
The lawe of Nature, I best first in a leprye.
By the secrete helpe, of ydolatrie and sodomye.

The lawe of Moses, I made a crypple blynde,
Avarice & Ambycyon, to helpe me were not behynde
And now Christes lawe, I haue brent for heresye.
By helpe offalse doctrine, & my cosyne hypocresye,
On these same. iiij. lawes, all other lawes depende,
And can not preuaile, now these are at an ende.

If christen gouerners, donot these lawes uphelde.
Their cunyle ordynancies, wyll sone be very colde.
Well, thyrs valeant George, hath made them alle to
scoupe
Cheare now maye I make, & set cocke on the horpe.
Fyll in. ll the poties, and byd me welcome hostesse,
And go call me hyther, myne owne sweetemyngh Bessie

Finis Actus quartus.

Incipit



Incipit Actus quintus.
Vindicta Dei.



Vid gloriari in malicia qui potenc
es in iniquitate.
Thu vengeable wretche, replete with
poyson and vye,
Why doest thou thus reioyce, in cruel
tie and malyce?

Thynkest thou that God slepereth, & wyll not hys defende
And that thy myschef, shall never haue an ende.
The bloude of innocentes, to hym for vengeance call
And therfor thys houre must I fearcely vpō the fall

Infidelitas.

Thu sprete of the ayre, I strayghtly coniure the here,
By panion & Craton, and charge hi to com no here.
Vindicta Dei.

Thynkest thou to stoppe me, with thy folyshe couuracyon
Whom God sendeth hyther, for thy abhomynacyon
Infidelitas.

What art thou called? thy name to me reheat . e.
Vindicta Dei.

I am vindicta Dei, in pōnysment most scarce,
With water, with swerde, and with fyre I must the
peirce.
Infidelitas.

Be good in thy offyce, and thou shalt haue monye and
meate.
Vindicta Dei.

By fylly rewardes, thou canyst not me intrete,
f iij Buo

Christifex corrupte,

But that I wyl do, as God hath me commanede,
For if worldly gystes, my farse myght haue changed,
The mynnersall wilde, had not bene drowned with
water,

Not Sodome and Gomor, with so syverysfull mat-
ter.

Noyet the Israelytes, with terrors of the swerde,
With hongre and pestylence, in the angre of Gods
word.

Pharaon in Egipte, the plages had never felte,
Myght I haue bene stopped, for syluer or for gelt,
Into Egipte I brought, ten terrible penaishmentes
Upon the people, for breakeyng hys commandementes
Their wholsom waters, I turned into bloude,
I multiplid frogges, to poys therwith their soude

I made waspes & dranes, them greuously to stynge,
And all kyndes of flies, sona fierded I in baynge
Upon their cattel, I threwe the foule pestylence,
Both berte, byle & blayne, they had for their offences
Lyghteninges and haylynge, destroyed their corne
and frute,

A swarne of hungry locustes, their pastours destytute

The space of thre dayes, I gaue them palpable darte-
nessse,

318

Actus quintus,

I slew the first goost, of man & beast for thy rudenes
For I neuer stryke, but for the, Infydelite.

Infidelitas,

Stryke for me quoth A: By the mary Mass I desye
Vindicta Dei. the,
What, thou wyl not so, thy braynes are not so lyght.
Infidelitas.

Anger men not to moch, for if thou do, I syght.
Vindicta Dei.

All that wyll not helpe, thy wrycked warkynge now,
Whan the stronger come, the weaker must nedes bowe,
The lawe of nature, infected thu hast with a lepreye ?
Infidelitas,

Naye, it was not I, but that wrycke Idolatrie,
And that polde shorne knave, that men call Sodomye
Vindicta Dei.

Of whom spronge they first? but of Infydelite:
Therfor thou shalt haue that plague of penalte,
Whych they first tasted, for their inyquite.
For those two vyses, I drowned the worlde with wa-
ter.

In token wherof, I plague the with the same mattere
hic Infidelitatem lympha percutit.

Infidelitas,

Cush, I desye thy worst. Thys shall not dryue me herte
For after the flosnde, with Cham had Iresydence,
And so contynued, till Moyses lawe came in,
With his iolyctryckes, a newe rule to begyn.

F iiiij vindicta

Restauracio legum diuinarum?

Vindicta Dei.

Aud hym thu corrupredest, with Auayre & Ambys
And so dedyst leue hym, in myscrable codycyō. (cyp.
Thu shalt haue therfor, that than to them was due,
Most terribile battayle, the Israelytes untrue,
That tyme ded suffer, for their infidelyte,
Wherfor with thys swerde, I iustlyc bannys h̄e.

Bycause thu shalt here, gene place to Christes gospel
Gladio Infidelitatem denuo cedit.

Infidelitas.

Yet wyll I not hene, but agaynst ones rebell.

Ied not I remayne, with Iudas and other more:
When Christ preached here, & taught them in vext
Hym sore;
Yeo, & after that, was I with Simon Magus,
With Bounder Coppersmyth, with Elmas and De
mettius.
And now I persever, amoge y' rākeable of peccytes
Teachy. ḡ ther shorlynges, to playe the Anschyllos.

Vindicta Dei.

The innocent bloude, of sayntes contynuallye,
Doth call unto God, to revenge their iniurye,
Agaynst false doctrine, and cursed hypocresye,
Whom thu hast rayfed: the glory of the Gospell,
To darken, and bys fryndes, most myscrably to quelly.
Wherfor thou shalt haue, lyke as thou hast done.

fin





Actus quintus.

Forthwycked doynges, thy ponyshment now doubled.
Ignis ipsu picceder, the Prophete David sayth thus
Atq; inflammabit in circuitu inimicos eius.
A consumynge fyre, shall ronne before the iudge,
Hys enemyes consumynge, they shal fynde no refuge.

Ob scelera & culpas hominum, ritusq; nephandos
In cineres ibit tellus, tenuemq; fauillam.
As Mantuan writheth, for the wyckednesse of the
The earth to ashes, by fyre shall turned be.

Ignis flamma Infidelitatem locum exire coget
Infidelitas
Credo, credo, credo, I saye. Credo, credo, credo,
To the deuyll of helle, by the Messe I wene I go.
Deus pater. Exit.
Asye haue seane here, how I haue stryken with hys
The pestylent vyce, of Infydelite.
So wyll I destroye, in the searcenesse of mynycyte,
All secretes of errore, with their entouryte,
Whych hath rysen out, of that inquyte.
For as it is sayd, that my hande hath not set,
Shall vp by the rote, no powere maye it lett.

The Apostle Johan, in the Apocalyps doth saye,
He sawe a newe heauen, & a newe earth aperynge.
The olde earth & see, weretaken cleane awaie,
That heauē is manys sayth, that earth hys vndres-
standynge,

f v Whom

Sestauratio legum diuinarum.

Whom we haue renned, by our most secret wyllyng.
The olde canred earth, crylyng with the see,
Whch is superstycyon, and Insydelyte.

A newe Siernalem, the sayd Johan also se,
As a bewyfull bryde, prepared to her husbande,
Our true faythfull churche, is that same fayre cytie,
Whom we haue clensed, by the power of our rygh^t
hande.

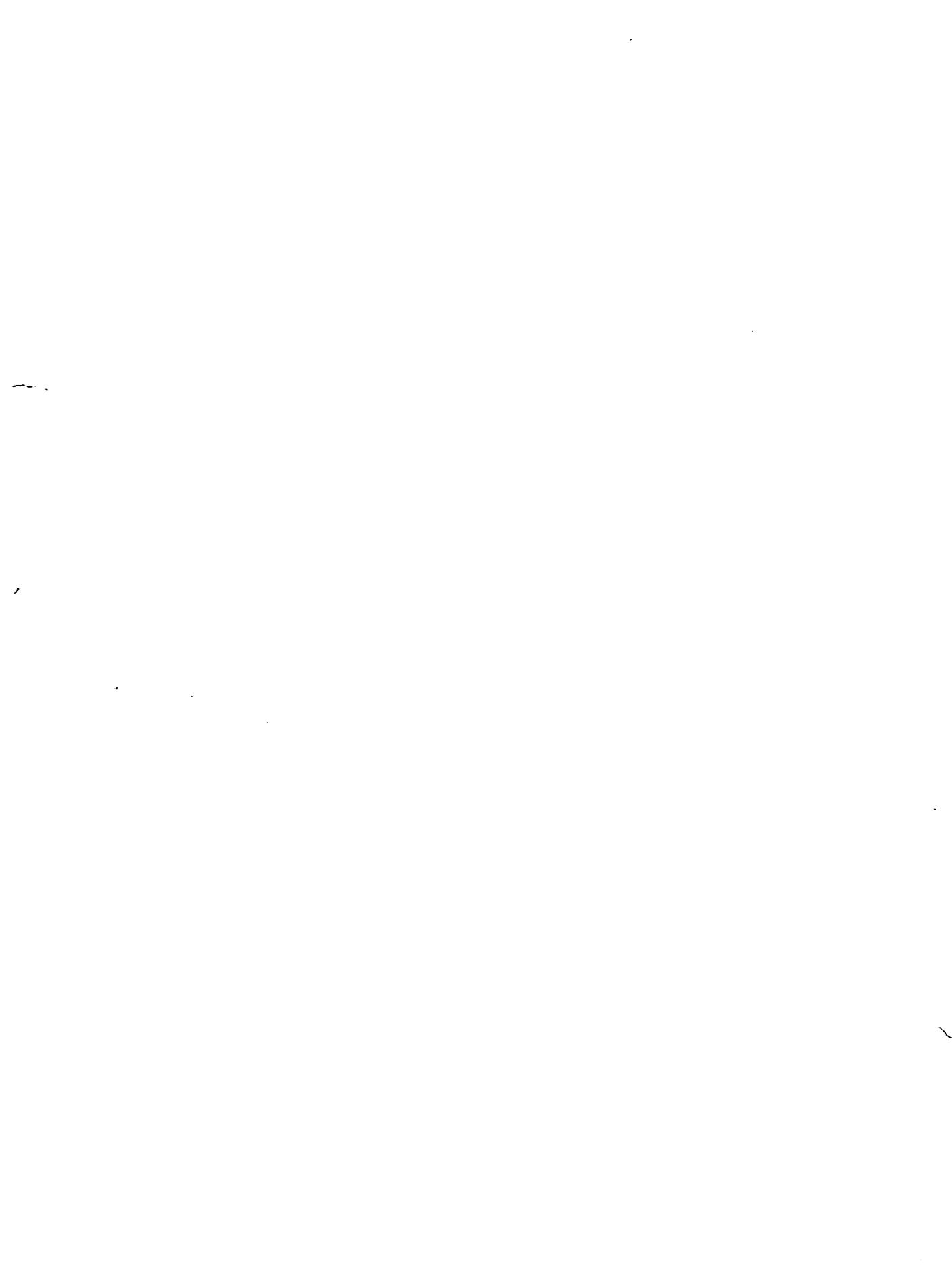
As a spouse to Christ, in every christen lande.
Bannysynghe the secretes, of Babyloniall poperye,
That she in the sprete, maye walke to our glorie.

Resort ye thre lawes, for now wyll I clerke also,
Of soch infeccyons, as by Insydelyte,
I haue receyued, That ye with her maye go,
Declarynge the wayes, of Christen lyberte,
That vs she maye take, without perplexite,
For her only God, and he our people styll,
In our lynes walkyng, accordyng to our wyll.
Omnes simul.

At your commaundement, we are most blessed lord.
Deus pater.
Appioche nygher than, and ye shall be restoide.

Thy lawe of Nature, we first begynnge with the,
Restorynge the a gayne, to thy first puryte.
Awoyde Idolatrie, Awoyde vyle Sodomye,





Actus quintus.

We charge ye nomore, thys lawe to putryfye;
Repe styll that same hart, for a sygne perperuall,
That thu werst written, in mannyg hart first of alle.

Thu lawe of Moses, geue me ihat dayle from the,
No longar shalt thu, neyther blynde nor crooked be.
Hens thu Ambycyon, and cursed Cowetousnes,
I here bannyshe yow, from thys lawe ever doughtes.
Lose not those tables, whiche are a token true,
That thu in the flesh, shalt evermore contynue.

Thu lawe of the Gospell, though thu be last of alle,
In operacyon yet, thu art the pyncypall.
From the I exyle, hypocresy and false doctrine,
With all ihat depende, vpon the papistycall lyne,
Reserue the same boke, for a sygne of heauely poure,
For that boke thu art, that Iohan from heauen ded
Naturæ lex. (deuoutie,
Everlastynge prayse, to thy gloriouse mat. &c.
Molch lex.

One heauely geuerneur, great is thy gracyo. & pycis
Christi lex.
Of mankynde thu art, the eternall felycyte.
Naturæ lex.

Now leavest thy seruauntes, in thy perpetuall peace,
To do the seruyce, from hens wyll we not cease.
Molch lex.

For our eyes haue seame, what thu hast now prepared,
Sos

Restauratio diuinatarum legum.
For thy peoples helth, whiche hast bene here declared
Christi lex.
Alyght thou hast sent, whiche is thy ioyouse Gospell,
To the consolacion of the howse of Israel.
Naturæ lex.
In reioyce of thys, make we some melodye.
Moseh lex.
The name of our God, to prayse and magnyfye:
Christi lex.
I assent thereto, and wyll syng every gladlye.
Hic ad Dei gloriam cantabunt. In exitu Iisrael de
Aegypto, Vel alius simile.
Deus pater:
Now haue we destroyed, the kyngedom of Babylon,
And throwne the great whore, into the bottesse pyre,
Restorynge agayne, the true fayth and relygion,
In the christen churche, as we haue thought it syt,
Depuryng the selawes, so to contynue yt.
Man is our creature, & hath grace in our syght,
To dwelle with hym now, is our whole hartes delyght
Man is our people, hys God we are agayne,
With hym wyll we haue, contynual residencie.
Awoye wyll we wype, from hym all swewe & payne,
Hes shall no longar, dyspayre for hys offence,
Voi haue i hys sorwe, any carefull doubt of consciēce
The olde popysynesse, is past whiche was dampnacyon,
We haue now renised, our christen congregacyon,

Stande



Actus quintus.

Scande forth churche sayth, & take our aduertysfance
We here appoynt the to gowerne our congregacion,
Se thu do no thyng, without the admenshment,
Of these thre lates here. Enprent their declaracion
Of my sweete promyses, and than make thur relacyon,
To my folke agayne, that they maye walke to me.
Without popysh dreames, in a perfyct lybertie.

Fides Christiana.

Most heauenly maker, in ye ihu doest commanide me,
Evermore wyll I, full prompt and dylgent be.

Deus pater.

Thu lawe of nature, shalt teache man God to knowe
And that to refuse, wherby any yllmaye growe.

Nature lex.

From thyss your precept, shall I ne varye I troue,
Deus pater.

Teache thu hym also, to woorhip one God above,
And his poore neyber, to prosecute with leue.

Misch lex.

I hope blessed lorde, to do as meshall behone.

Deus pater.

And thu shalt teache hym, to loue God in hys herte,
And those to forgoote, by whom he suffereth smerte.

Christi lex.

In your appoyntementes, wyll I do alſo my part,
Deus pater.

Worke thu in the herte, a knowledge necessarye,
In the flesh worthe thu, by outwarde ceremonye.

Change

Restauracio legum diuinarum.

Change thare the spret, the rotynged of these two,
And cause our people, in a perfyghe woye to go.
Take heede churche fayth, to the teachynges of these thre
And moue our people, to walke in the verye.

The promyses we made, in all these thre at Gospell,
We woldē thā shaldest so, to our congregacyon tell.
Our everlastynge blesyng, be with yow euermore,
Omnis simul.

To thy swete name lorde, prayse & perpetuall honou
Fides Christiana. (re.

It hath pleased God, to put me in thy offyce,
To governe hys churche, and chursten congregacyon,
And therin to do, as ye shall me entyce.
Gewe me I praye yow, soch wholsom exhortacyon,
As maye be to illan, a clere edysfacyon.
And I wyll be glad, to take your aduertysement,
As it shall become, any chylde obediente.

Christi lex.

Ye sprake it full wele, thā marke what shall be sayd
And dyligentlye, loke that it be obeyed.

Natura lex.

The effect of me, is ffor to knowe the lorde,
Everlastynge, stronge, most gracyouse and godlye.
And as touchyng illan, to have fraternall concorde,
Fauer to noysh, and to do non iniurye,
To kepe couenantes made, and loue true matrymonye,
These noble effectes, so temper yow in illan.

Thas

Actus quintus

That them to fulfull he dothe best he can.

Moschi lex.

*The effect of me, is for to worshyp the lorde,
Abone God alone, and to ffe from Idolatrie,
Nor to flee nor stle nor yet to beare false recorde,
To shewe what is synne, and to seke the remedye,
Publyque peace to holde, & sore to punysh the gyltrie,
From these good effectes, se that I'la never swerve,
Thanshall he be sure, that God wyll hym preserue.*

Christi lex.

*The effect of me, is for to loue the lorde,
In the innar spiere, and to fauer frydne & enmye,
And in all poyntes els, with Gods wyll to accorde
To preache remyssyon, to sauе and to iustysye,
In Christ all to seke, lyfe, iustyce, peace and mercye,
These heauenly effectes, in I'lan so incorporate,
That he maye in sprete, be newlye regenerate.*

Fides Christiana.

*Moreswete ihan honye, are your thre exhortacyons,
And regestred they be, in my memoriall.
Now wyll I forewarde, to all the christen nacyon,
And se in effect, these lawes obserued all,
To the abolisshment, of the decaunes papystycall.
Now the lyght is come, the darkenesse dyeth awaye,
I trust in the lorde, men wyll walke in the daye.*

*Good chrissten people, to these thre lawes applye,
First knowe that ye haue, a lyuyng God aboue,*

Chas

Actus quintus;

Than do hym honur, and bys name magnyfye,
Worshyp hym in spret, as the Gospelyow doth moue
Than obeye your kyng, lyke as shall yow behoue,
For he in hys lyfe, thar lorde doth represent,
To sauagearde of the iust, & symers ponnyflement.

Se that ye regarde, soch lawes as he doth make,
For they are of God, as Salomon doth report.
Of these lawes doubleles, those lawes their grounes
dynges take.
To the publyque welth, to gene syde, stregh & cōfōrt
For prescruracyon, of all the christen sort.
In no case folowe, the wayes of Keygnolde Pele,
To hydampnacyon, he doubleles playeth the sole.

Hane a dver respect, unto your contreye natyne,
Whiche he hath broughē ye vp, & generē ye norryshmen,
Euen from your cradles, to these dayes nuttrytue,
So that he may do, to her welth and pīferment,
Myn ster to her, no hatefull detryment.
A dogge to hys fynde, wyl never be valouynge,
Letre reason in ye, nor lose hys naturall workyng.
Nature lez.

Who lyssh without lawe, shal periysh without lawe
And, therfore we haue, thre lawes to yew descrybed,
That after their lyne, ye shuld in your lyuyngē drawe
We haue also shewed, how they haue bene corrupted,
By sondre Idolatres, and sodomytes poluted,

By



Restauratio dominarum legum.

By covetouse prestes, and by ambycouse prelates,
Hypocrycall syrtes, false doctours & false curates

Molich lex.

Who hath restored, these same the lawes agayne;
But your late Josias, & valesant kyng Henryc.
No prynce afore hym, tolde ever yet soch payne,
Frō Englāde to bāysfh, Idolatrye & fowle sodomye
Covetousnes. Ambycy, false doctrine & hypocresye.
It was he that brought, Christes veryte to lyghte,
Whan he put the pope, with hys sylthynes to flyghte.

Christi lex.

Frō danable darkenesse, as my brother here doth saye,
He hath delynered, thys realme of Englannde godlye
Bryngynge hys subiectes, into the true path waye,
Of their sowles sauagarde, if they now folowe it wyl
selye:

And lefft hem he hath, the same wayestyl to fooryfye,
Hys noble sonne Edward, soch a kynges of god elect
As queshyonles wyl, perfoarme it in effect.

Fides Christiana.

Praye all to the lorde, for the longe concyuaunce,
Of hys graceslyfe, in thys woelde habytacyon.
And that of hys nobles, he haue true mayntenaunce,
In the pryncipes, of hys most worthy soundacyon,
That he maye to Chrest, bryng vs from desolacyon.
Praye for quene Kateryne, & y^e noble lorde proteccione
Wch the whole counsell, ther God be their direc^r,
tour, Amen.

G

Into fyue personages maye the partes
of thy Comedy be denyded.

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| The Prolocutor, | The lawe of Nature. |
| Christen fayth. | Courteousnesse. |
| Infydelyc. | False doctrine. |
| The first. | The seconde. |

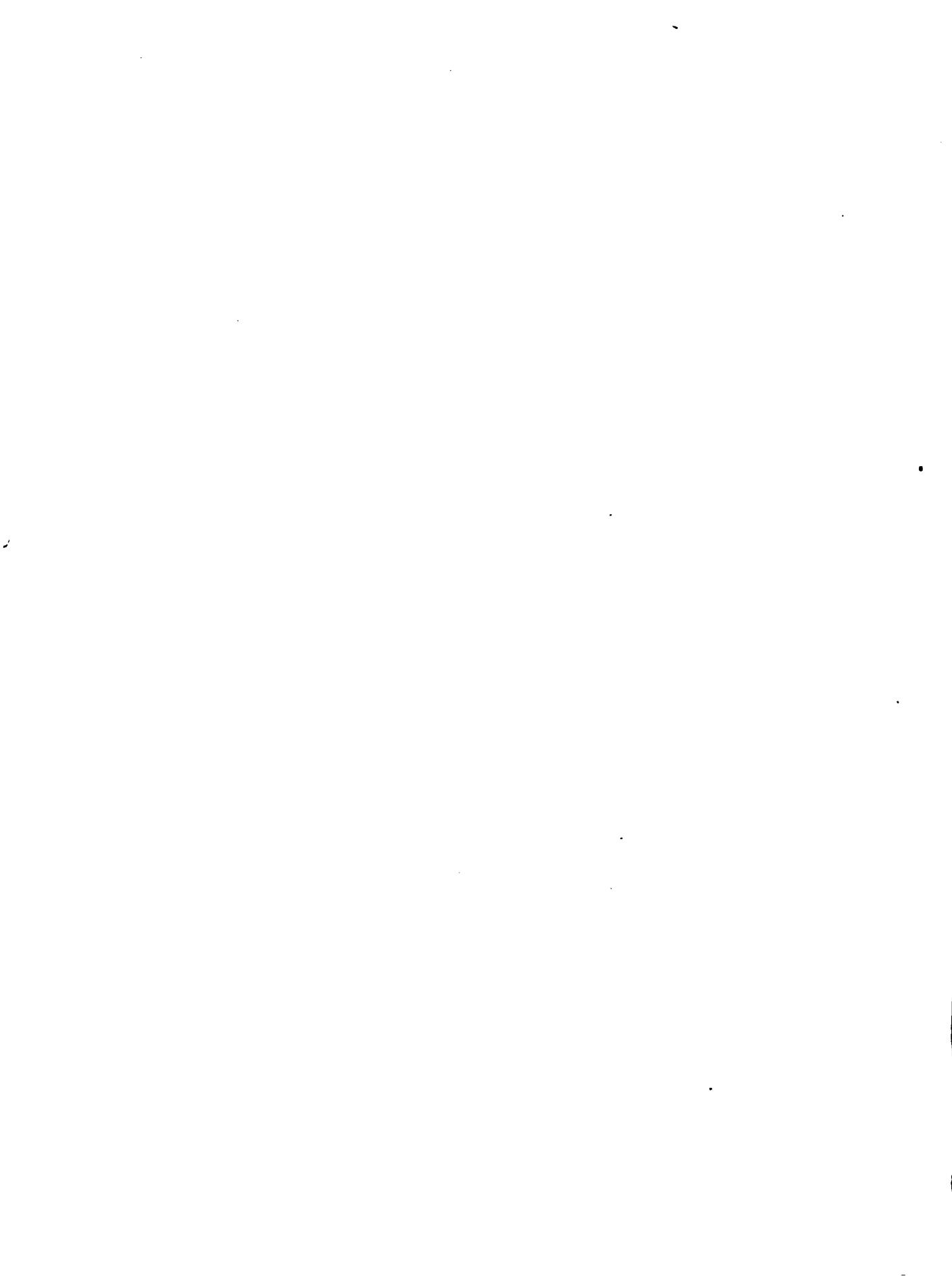
| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| The lawe of Moses. | The lawe of Christ. |
| Idolatrye. | Ambycyon. |
| Hypocresye. | Sodomye. |
| The third. | The fourt. |

Deus pater.
Vindicta Dei.
The fift.

The aparellynge of the six vyces, or
frutes of Infydelyte.

Lete Idolatrye be decked lyke an olde wytche, Sodomy
lyke a monke of all sectes, Ambycyon lyke a byshop,
Courteousnesse lyke a pharyse or sprituall lawer, false
doctrine, lyke a popys h doctor, and hypocresy
lyke a graye fryre. The rest of the partes are
easye ynough to conjecture.







A songe upon Benedictris

Compyled by Johan Bale.

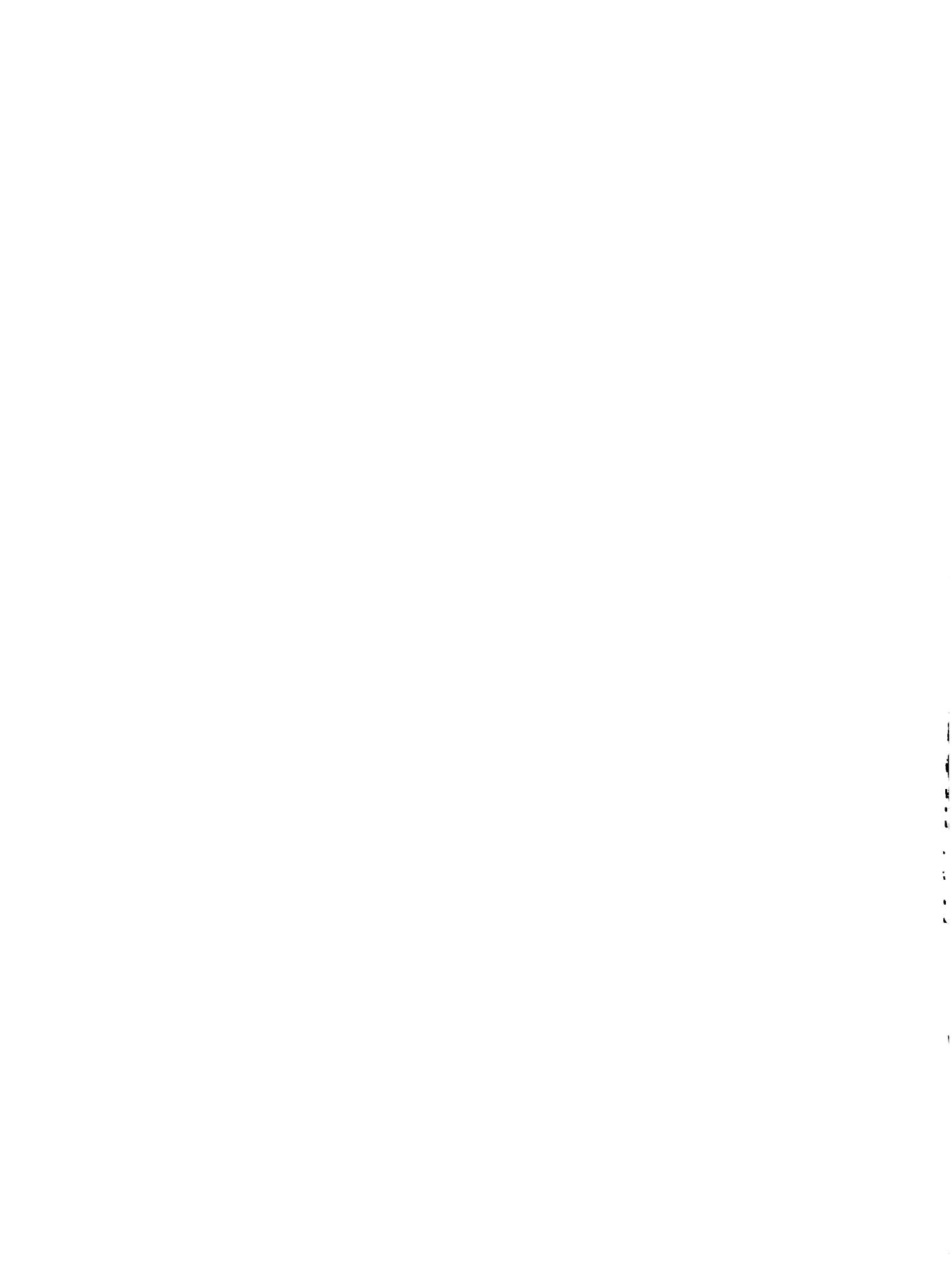


Benedictris domino, Deus Ies
us Christus,
Whyn hath overthowne, the
myghty Idoll Bel,
The false god of Rome, by powry
of the Gospell,
And hath prepared, from the
depe lake of hell,
Redempcionem plebis suarum.

Et erexit coru, of mercy heith and grace,
That cruell tyraunt, now clereby to deface,
Whose bloudy Kyngedome, demynys heith apace,
By the worte of God, whyn lately hath take place,
In domo Dauid pueri sui.

Sicut locutus est, the lordel celistyall,
That Romysly Antichrist, is lyker to haue a fall,
With hys whole rable, of sectes dyabolycall,
And now chenombr, wyl floeysh over all,
Prophetarum ciuitatibus.

Salutem eximisici, now we maye dayly heare,



The enemys of Christ with hym doth wytnesse beare
Saul is become a paule, and preacheth every wheare,
How maye wereccyne, most heavenly wholsom geare
De manu eorum qui oderunt nos.

Ad faciendam , misericordiam ,
The sonne of our God, from hys hygh glory cam ,
To redeme the synne of the chyldren of Adam ,
And to remembre, to saythfull Abraham ,
Testamenti sui sancti .

Iustiurandum, whiche God hath made afore ,
Unto our fathers he wylle kepe evermore ,
Promesed he hath, if we regarde hys lere ,
Forsalyng the pope, with hys dampnable stow .
Daturum le nobis .

Ve sine timore, from Romys brytaine es fre ,
The lorde graunt vs grace, that we maye speake frobe ,
Of hys holy worde, and therin to agre ,
That in the Gospell, and christen lyberte ,
Seruamus illi .

In sanctitate, and purenesse of lyfe ,
Lette vs now trauayle, boþh mayden man and wyfes ,
All ryghtwys doynges, in vs be euer ryse ,
That we persuer, without debate or stryfe ,
Omnibus diebus nostris .

Tu puer propheta, elected of the hoode,
Syng Edward the sixt, to have Gods lame restorde,
Solowest Josias, therof to take recorde,
In all thy doynges, and in Gods holy woorde,
Parare vias eius.

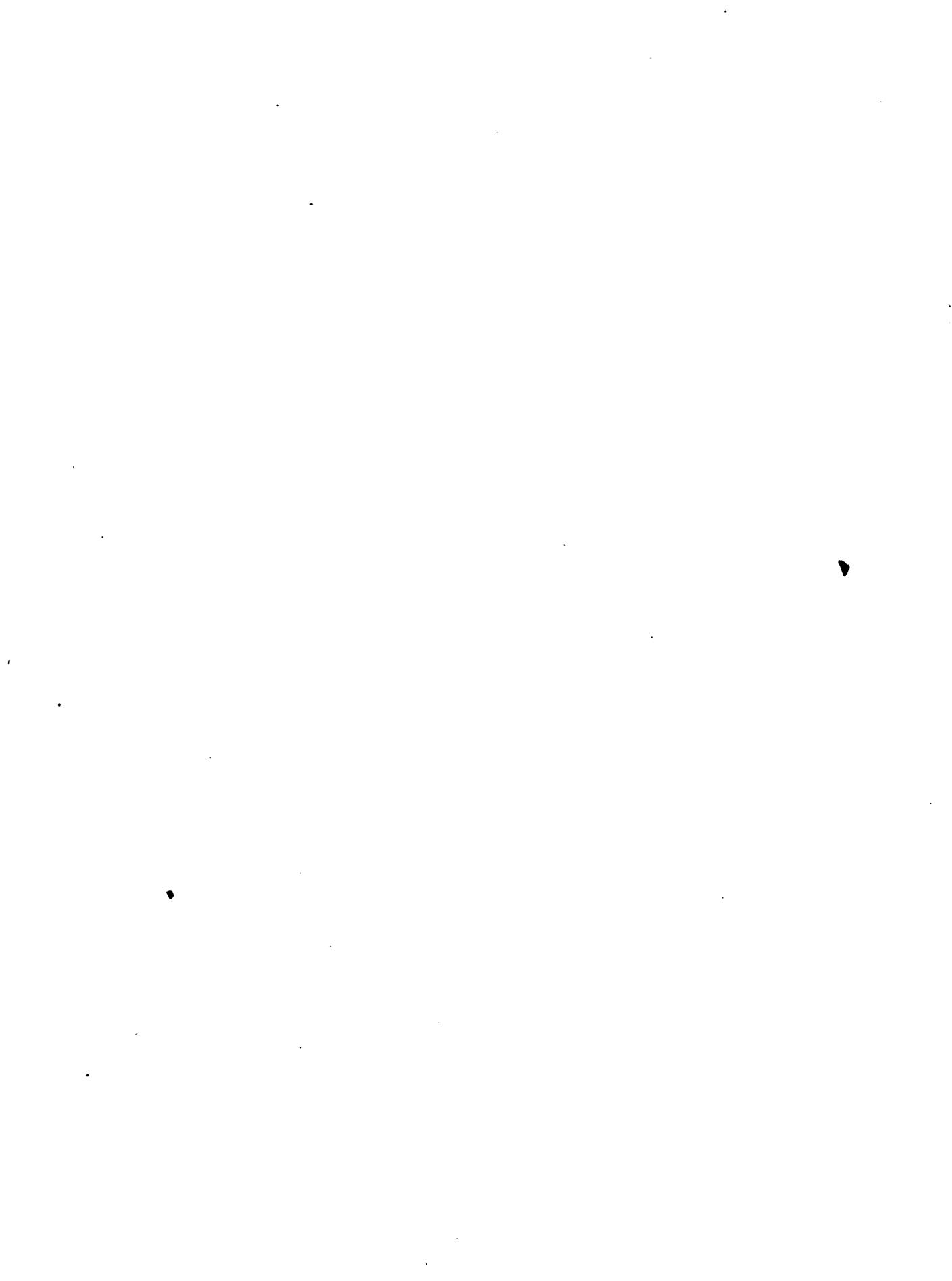
Ad dandem scientiam, formennys helch & fane gardes
Christes holy Gospel, by theis frelyc hearde,
Wherin doth consynt, their lyfe and full rewarde,
With preseruacyon, from daungerouse ieparde,
Peccatorum eorum.

Per viscera, misericordiaz,
Christ our dere master, vs dayly swerde,
Lease us here perlysh, in our unquytes,
Our medyaçour, contynually is he,
Oriens ex alto.

Illuminare, sweete lorde we the desyre,
To men in darkenesse, and in the popylsh myre,
Lete not hys baggage, thy saythfull seruaunce estye,
But vs delyver, from them and from hell fyre,
In vitam pacie.
Amen.

Bryd





The commandementes brevelye.
Love thy lorde God. Swear thu non othe.
Thy sabbath kepe. Please thy fryndes bothe.
Wynnes non yll. Holde no manrys wye.
Brybe no manrys good. Slicen not with knyfe.
Wysh no manrys howse. Nor oxe nor asse.
A schu wyli haue. Do thu lyfe casse.

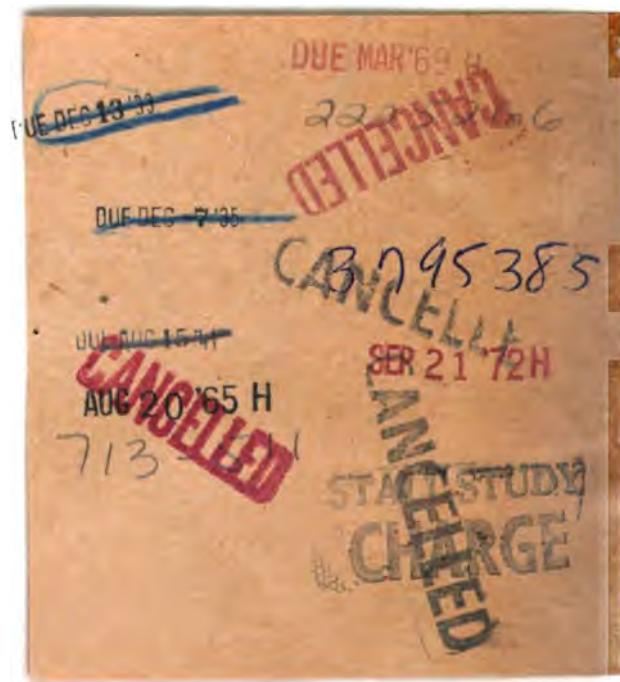
This endeth thyg Comedy
concernyng che lawes, of Nature, Mo-
ses, and Christ, corrupted by the Sodomy-
ees, Pharisees & papysses most wycked.
Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno
M. D. XXXVIII, and lately im-
prented per Nicolaum
Bamburgensem











A comedy concerning three laws of N
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